THE New Republic

The Good-Intentioned Private Citizen Who Came to Washington

PAGE 16

Norman Vincent Peale's Gospel of Success

by Donald Meyer

Man as Caretaker of the Machine

Two articles on the revolutionary change in the role and importance of the factory worker

JUL 7 1955

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Washington Wire .... T.R.B.

If Ike is the Presidential nominee next year, he must campaign for the men who will probably knife him later. That will be the big irony of the 1956 campaign. Last year, in the midterm election, the kindly voters rescued Ike and Dulles from the captivity of their own leaders, Knowland - McCarthy - Millikin and all. They put the Democrats back in control, and the Democrats have given Ike most of the things he wanted since, particularly in foreign affairs and the tariff. Republicans have gone along grudgingly, knowing that he was their sole hope in '56.

If Ike is a candidate next year (as we expect), he must work for the Republican leadership that will later try to destroy him. He shows no unwillingness to do this. Remember that he worked for McCarthy and Jenner in 1952; Ike is a good party man at election time. He showed this in a tart exchange with Democratic leader Johnson last week. The present Democratic leadership of Congress is hardly liberal, but it is well to the left of the GOP Old Guard. The latter automatically takes over committee chairmanships by seniority if Ike puts them back into power.

What happens to Ike then? Why, an amusing thing. He can't run again, so his chief value to the Old Guard disappears. Their handcuff to him snaps open. The day the voters give him victory—he has had it. Once he puts Bridges, Bricker, Capehart, Jenner, McCarthy back in their chairmanships Ike's value to them ends. We mustn't exaggerate the thing, of course—Ike is still a fine, attractive front—but they no longer have to go along with him on specific bills. The tariff, for example, comes up for renewal in 1958—what a GOP field day that can be! The country will be safe, for Nixon will always be there if anything happens to Ike. Ike's age would probably prevent him from seeking a third term, even if the new 22nd Amendment didn't bar it.

Ike will be the first President, if reelected, to be burdened by the two-term Amendment. This was slipped through by Republican state legislatures as a posthumous kick at FDR. Gladstone served England, on and off, a score of years; MacKenzie King of Canada was prime minister for a generation, but hereafter the United States will distrust all its great men, and any future FDR will be cut down to eight years.

Most two-term Presidents haven't wanted, or couldn't get, a third term, but they found it of greatest value to leave their plans undisclosed to help enforce party loyalty. It is exactly what Ike is doing now. Now that valuable political club is gone. From now on every second termer is a closed-end President; the fight for succession starts the day after election. It will start between Nixon and Knowland, in all probability, next year.

There are red-hot issues in Congress, and we wish Adlai Stevenson would get into the act, as Paul Douglas and Estes Kefauver are doing. We still think Stevenson should take a bold—almost reckless—stand in speaking out on consumer issues. If he doesn't, we predict now that the Republicans will gleefully turn their fire next year not against him but against Truman, as they did in 1952, and leave candidate Stevenson in some danger of being a forgotten man.

When a panel of reporters gathered in the broadcasting room the other day to interview Oveta Culp Hobby, they were met by her publicity man and given a list of prepared points on which they were told they must stick in asking questions. Being good reporters, they indignantly refused. Mrs. Hobby and her public-relations man relented, feeling perhaps that it would be bad publicity to call off the interview. Under the unfettered cross-examination that followed, Mrs. Hobby put her genteel foot in her mouth in blaming Surgeon General Scheele for the Salk fiasco. What surprises us is not so much the attempt to gag the interviewers as the sequel to it—the almost total silence of the editorial pages and columnists of the country to the incident. How often one hears the ejaculation of wonder and cynical incredulity among newspapermen in Washington these days, "If that had happened under Truman!"

We thought we would have forgotten it by this time but the memory of those five breathless hours in the Senate June 22 which ended with the second censure of McCarthy, 77 to 4, still lingers on. There was thunder and lightning outside, electric tension within. McCarthy thought he had a slick trick in a resolution of sympathy for the satellite nations (there are Poles in Wisconsin) which inferentially was a vote of no-confidence in Eisenhower for the Big Four Geneva meeting. Joe thought it would be smothered in committee, and then he could blame the Democrats for being soft to Communism.

But Lyndon Johnson wouldn't play it that way. He insisted on bringing it to the floor. It was the last thing the Republicans wanted to vote on, but Johnson wouldn't let them off the hook. It was notable that McCarthy insolently alienated every Republican who tried to aid him. McCarthy felt the noose drawing round his throat. Hour after hour he struggled, first to get the resolution replaced with a meaningless substitute, then to withdraw it altogether. Mild, half-blind Alben Barkley, who knows every parliamentary device, implacably blocked the first break-through. By a series of quiet parliamentary inquiries he brought out that Joe could substitute another "resolve clause," but not the "whereas-es" of the original preamble. There was so much anti-Eisenhower poison in the clauses that the GOP could not stomach them. Then McCarthy tried a total withdrawal. Quietly and deliberately, Fulbright (D, Ark.), who loathes McCarthy, said, "I object." He repeated it a minute later. The two words sunk McCarthy.

In a burst of naked hatred, McCarthy furiously charged Fulbright was consciously aiding the Communists by refusing — of all things — to let him withdraw his own resolution! Then came the vote. . . . McCarthy is done, finished, of that we are confident. We have watched the Senate 30 years, and we know they are sick of him and ashamed of the degradation he has led them into.

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BEHIND THE HEADLINES

The Day It Got Too Hot at Burning Tree

THE FIRE that Sen. Estes Kefauver (D, Tenn.) was getting ready to build under Dixon-Yates threw heat all the way from the Capitol to the Burning Tree Golf Course. It caused President Eisenhower to rush up his game and speed back to the White House where, at 7 p.m., the news was released that Budget Director Rowland R. Hughes had been ordered "to confer promptly with the Atomic Energy Commission and the Tennessee Valley Authority to determine whether it is in the interests of the people of that area now to continue or to cancel the Dixon-Yates contract."

The reason given by the White House for this spur-of-the-moment move was that the city of Memphis had decided to build its own power plant rather than accept kilowatts from the Dixon-Yates plant instead of TVA. But Memphis had declared weeks ago that it would build its own plant; this hardly necessitated any interference with the President's golf game. A more likely cause of all the hurry was that the Budget Director was due to appear before Kefauver's Monopoly Subcommittee at 8 p.m. to explain what part investment banker Adolphe H. Wenzell had played in the Dixon-Yates deal.

At the same time he was advising the Bureau of the Budget on how to finance the Dixon-Yates project, Mr. Wenzell was serving as an official of the First Boston Corporation—which, coincidentally, had agreed to arrange the financing for a fee of $3 million. It was this coincidence that the Kefauver committee had been set up to explore. Although Democratic leaders are reluctant to allow the ambitious Tennessean too much publicity, in this case Senators Hill (D,Ala.) and Gore (D,Tenn.), who have been leading the fight to kill Dixon-Yates and save TVA, successfully pressured their Senate colleagues to let Kefauver turn the kleig lights on Wenzell and the Budget Bureau. Kefauver called an extraordinary—and well-heralded—night session; the Republican strategists got busy; and one hour before Budget Director Hughes was due to appear, Mr. Eisenhower issued his statement.

The President's step will certainly be interpreted as stemming from a distaste for what Hughes might have been forced to reveal under oath. But the Administration apparently felt that the wisest course was to try to end the whole controversy well before the 1956 elections. Senator Kefauver apparently felt that it was in the interests of TVA to hold off further probings until the Dixon-Yates contract is officially buried.

But Dixon-Yates is only one symptom of the ailment that is afflicting Republican power policy. There are still many questions for the Democrats to ask: Who in the private power companies has been advising the Interior Department to knock out the proposed Hell's Canyon dam? Who suggested the plan to take away the power preference rights of municipalities and co-operatives? How big a part did Texas and Oklahoma utility companies play in the abrogation of the Southwest Power Administration contracts this year, a move which forced farm co-operatives into dependence on the companies that have been trying to destroy them for 20 years? The real investigation of the ties between the power interests and the Administration's policy makers is still to come.

Goodby, Mr. Hoover

HERBERT HOOVER held a press conference last week to mark the expiration of his Commission on Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government. For 30 minutes he read from his prepared statement in a very low voice, never once looking up at the reporters. Mr. Hoover's cheeks were still very round, very pink; but the veins stood out in his neck, and the hand holding the statement shook, and his voice was extremely low. When he was through, all the reporters' questions had to be repeated because he is hard of hearing. There were only a few questions and then it was over: The second Hoover Commission had ended its work.

It was not a completely happy ending. Criticism had reached a new peak of bitterness with the publication of the Commission's report on Water Resources and Power. The Administration and Congress have been very slow to act on the Hoover group's recommendations, and it is unlikely that many of them will be put into effect despite Mr. Hoover's claim that the resulting savings would balance the budget and permit a $2 billion tax cut.

The criticism and inaction are in contrast to the friendly spirit with which the Commission's first efforts were received. The first Commission, appointed by President Truman in 1947 for a two-year term, was a great success. Seventy percent of its recommendations were adopted under the Democratic Administration, and resulted in estimated savings of $1.3 million.

But in 1953 the Commission was reconstituted by the new Administration. It was now authorized to investigate not merely how efficiently government agencies were operating, but whether the government *should* be operating in certain fields at all. The first Commission had been truly bipartisan; the second was weighted with conservatives. Rep. Chet Holifield (D, Calif.) was the invariable, and often the lone, dissenter from majority recommendations.

The recommendations themselves gave off the musty scent of long-stored goods: Federal aid to education should be ended; cash grants for school lunches should be eliminated; the TVA should discontinue all chemical research; the Postal Savings System should be abolished; parcel post rates should be raised; the Public Health Service should close 12 of its general hospitals; more than 1,000 government enterprises which compete with private business should

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be shut down; federal power rates to customers should be sharply increased; the government should stop building steam-power plants and transmission lines; the 50-year tradition of granting power preference rights to co-operatives and municipalities should be eliminated.

There was an exquisite nostalgia in all of this for Republicans—mixed with some embarrassment at their intimate wish-fulfilling dreams being expressed so uninhibitedly. But for Herbert Hoover it meant very much more. This was *his* project and his apologia. He personally staffed the task forces, studied their reports carefully, and did much of the final writing of the Commission recommendations himself.

So the former President held his press conference to say goodbye. He read his statement tonelessly, and showed real interest at only one of the reporters' questions: a man from one of the radio networks asked him to reminisce about the days when radio was new and he was Secretary of Commerce. He responded eagerly and delivered a four-minute extemporaneous recollection of how he had safeguarded the nation's wave-lengths for the people. Mr. Hoover had clearly not forgotten the past. So lucid was his account that it all might have happened yesterday.

But it all happened 30 years ago. It has been almost 23 years since Herbert Hoover lost the Presidency. For most of this time he has lived in a political netherworld, his name synonymous with Depression, his high collar the symbol of the unenlightened conservative. But now the time is back in joint for Mr. Hoover. It is prosperity again, as it was when he was elected to the Presidency in 1928. His Party is again in power, and it has granted him the opportunity of making a final testament to the country of his years in public life. Ninety-five percent of the press has hailed his efforts; he was applauded as he left the conference room last week. The dark memories of the New Deal are past. In his own eyes, Hoover has been finally redeemed. And now he can retire.

Guarantee for Whom?

LABOR'S achievement of the guaranteed annual wage is running head-on into industry's achievement of automation. (See pages 11-15.) Two days after General Motors agreed to a modified guaranteed wage in its contract with the auto workers, it was announced that GM is spending an additional $500 million this year, largely to purchase machinery that will take the place of human labor. Industry has discovered that automation, by freezing or reducing the number of workers in a given plant, can offset the increased costs of GAW, which will thus become a measure designed solely to provide for workers already employed, but not for those who want to enter the industry. The classic theory that machines in the long run create more jobs than they displace, thereby promising greater prosperity for all, may be ready for a reappraisal.

The Flying Ambassadors

SINCE LEADERS of 29 Asian and African countries met at Bandung last April, some delegates to the conference have been flying to the world's capitals, soliciting support for the easing of world tensions. And they are receiving uncommon consideration.

India's foreign affairs specialist, Dr. V. K. Krishna Menon, has completed the grand tour of Peking, London, Ottawa, the UN Headquarters, and Washington. Although his remarks about the United States in past UN speeches have caused despair and sometimes anger, he was given the VIP treatment in Washington. Moscow gave Prime Minister Nehru a triumphal reception. The observer in the street would hardly know that the Soviet Diplomatic Dictionary describes Nehru as "chief initiator" of Asian resistance to "the democratic and national-liberating movement in China." In one of his candid public speeches in Moscow, Nehru remarked that those who spoke most of peace seemed least interested in it.

Prime Minister Ali Sastroamidjojo of Indonesia visited Peking as a guest of state and spoke his mind on the Formosa Straits and UN flyer issues. Then came Burma's Prime Minister U Nu to the United States on a tour which also includes Israel, Yugoslavia, Great Britain and Japan.

Despite the truism that neutralism is no third force in the Cold War, the reception accorded these flying ambassadors does suggest a new factor in world affairs. Throughout modern history national "power" has been measured largely in economic wealth and military force. This group of Asians are among the poorest on earth, and have armies of no international consequence, yet the chiefs of the most powerful states seem bound to listen to their views.

The simplest explanation seems to be the moral weight of a billion people in an age when UN debates and newspaper headlines count for much. More concrete reasons, although less universal, are the interest in markets and raw materials in an expanding world economy and the desire for foreign military bases, or the desire to keep those bases out of unfriendly control. Whatever the reasons, there is no question about a new degree of influence exerted by Asian and African nations.

New Republic A JOURNAL OF OPINION

1826 JEFFERSON PLACE, N. W. WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

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Published weekly and Copyrighted, 1955 in the USA by New Republic, Inc. Phone: REpublic 7-8656. Entered as second-class matter September 26, 1950, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single copy, 20c; Yearly subscription, $7.00; Foreign, $8.00; Armed Forces personnel or students, $5.00.

Volume 133, Number 2, Issue 2120

Washington Wire by T. R. B. 2
Behind the Headlines 3
The Confidence Man 8
by Donald Meyer
Man's New Role as Caretaker of the Machines 11
by Warner Bloomberg Jr. and Gabriel Kolko
Books and Comment 16
A Communication 23

PICTURE CREDIT: page 9, from William Steig's "The Lonely Ones" (Duell, Sloan and Pearce).

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Judge Youngdahl Wins His Fight

THE LONG, sorry tale is ended. On Tuesday, June 28, Attorney General Brownell announced that the case against Owen Lattimore would be dropped. Mr. Brownell's statement, after carefully pinning initial responsibility for the prosecution on the Truman Administration, went on: "Upon consideration of all aspects of the case, it has been decided not to apply to the Supreme Court for review . . . on the two counts that were recently invalidated." (These were the two "backdrop" counts, which accused Lattimore of perjury when he denied Communist sympathies.) "In the absence of these counts there is no reasonable likelihood of a successful prosecution on the five counts remaining from the first indictment." (These were the "little counts," which concerned Lattimore's statements, significant only if viewed as part of a general desire to lie his way out of past Communist affiliations.)

The Lattimore Case has been thoroughly aired in these columns. Generally I have tried to present the view that this is a case of general impact; that the personality, scholarship and even the ideology of Mr. Lattimore is relatively unimportant, that the "case" and not the "man" must concern us most. Mr. Lattimore was a writer, and the case turned about the proper label to be affixed to the ideas he expressed. He said he was not a "Communist sympathizer," or a "promoter of Communist causes," that he had not followed the Communist Party line. Other scholars, reviewing his work, differ with him, believe that he was, in fact, all of these things. But the Department of Justice brought a prosecution for perjury against him, hoping to establish the Constitutional doctrine that indictments may be phrased in such general ideological terms. The doctrine would be very useful: almost any writer or teacher could be asked to define, under oath, his ideology or the "tendency" of his writing, and then squads of kept scholars and paid informers could be mobilized to "prove" that he lied.

Perjury, like treason, has always been a crime available to tyrants and zealots to repress dissenters and malcontents. Historically, treason and perjury have been set apart in our jurisprudence, requiring proof not only "beyond a reasonable doubt" but also by a "clear, convincing and direct evidence," plus the testimony of "two independent witnesses." Of course, these are phrases of difficult definition, and the requirement of two witnesses for a perjury conviction has been modified during the past century or so. But the fact remains that the continuous conscience of judges, embodied in the common law, has recognized the danger of abuse in perjury prosecutions, and has deliberately made conviction for perjury more difficult than for all other crimes except treason.

The story of the Lattimore Case shows once again why this is necessary:

In the late 40's, Owen Lattimore was accused of using his position as editor to insinuate Stalinist propaganda into the magazine *Pacific Affairs*. The FBI, always alert to any possible subversion, investigated Lattimore. They recognized that the alleged "insinuation" (even if true) was no crime, but thought it might cloak espionage. They found no grounds for prosecution. Later, in 1950, Senator McCarthy explicitly expanded the "insinuation" charge, and called Lattimore "the top Soviet agent in the US." The Tydings Committee reviewed this charge, and found it "a fraud and a hoax." The Justice Department, after combing Lattimore's testimony before the Tydings Committee for possible perjury, concluded there was no grounds for prosecution.

But then the fever came upon us. The old charges and the old answers were again before the McCarran Committee, which reversed the Tydings verdict. Under pressure from Chairman McCarran, the Justice Department went over the second Lattimore testimony (substantially the same as that before the Tydings Committee) and reversed itself. They found that Lattimore's testimony before the McCarran Committee yielded six minor statements in which he might have lied. And before both the Tydings and McCarran Committees he had made general denials of Communist sympathies from which the Justice Department selected statements to serve as the "general" or "backdrop counts" of a perjury indictment.

The "backdrop" counts were twice thrown out by US District Judge Luther Youngdahl as too general, too much like a "political" rather than a "legal" prosecution. Twice his decision was sustained by the Court of Appeals. Twice this left remaining only the "little counts" (which were early trimmed from six to five). Judge Youngdahl, viewing these, huddled naked and alone, said "there is serious doubt" of their materiality, their importance. Now that the frenzy has receded, Mr. Brownell, of course, agrees. He has moved to drop the whole case, admitting that these pathetic scrappings, spread upon a court record, shrivel in the light. It was not so earlier. Then Judge Youngdahl's quiet doubts, now echoed by the Attorney General, were given as grounds for removing the Judge from the bench. In their urgency to convict Lattimore, the prosecutors accused Youngdahl of bias and prejudice because in his opinion he had stated his doubts about the materiality of the "little counts," as well as the propriety of the "backdrop counts." This was extraordinary: never have the words of an opinion been seized upon to discredit a judge. Youngdahl dismissed the accusation as "scandalous," and the prosecution weakly refused to submit the matter to the Court of Appeals.

Lattimore

But now it is quiet again. The "Affidavit of Bias and Prejudice" is forgotten. The Attorney General agrees with the Judge. It is a pity that Mr. Brownell did not take this same action earlier, when the same "little counts" were first exposed to his view. Nothing has changed since then; all the reasons for dropping the case now applied as well then. And they applied before the integrity of a US Judge had been questioned.

I think these are the lessons of the Lattimore case: The Congress twice investigated a magazine and an individual because it thought some of the ideas they espoused were subversive. Or rather the suspicion was that though the ideas might not be wholly Stalinist, that they were "subtly infected by Stalinist tendencies." The magazine had no

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connection with the government, and the individual only the most fleeting connection. This investigation was a legitimate satisfaction of Congressional curiosity—only if you believe that the Congress should properly investigate ideas and thinkers. I think it is better for the Congress to exercise greater self-restraint. The nation has an interest in the preservation of free inquiry and eccentric views which transcends, I think, the value of publicizing, and thus stifling, malcontents or even subversive propagandists.

There is another, and more serious lesson: we cannot afford another Lattimore Case. Certainly no other private litigant will be likely to find a law firm like Arnold, Fortas and Porter which will take such a case without fee. (Time charges for "an ordinary litigant" by such a firm would run close to $250,000.) But in a broader sense, the cost has been far too high. The perjury case against Lattimore grew out of a political prosecution. It was forwarded by improper political pressure upon the Justice Department, upon the press (represented by the magazine *Pacific Affairs*) and, of course, upon the Judiciary. Luther Youngdahl, practicing constitutionalist and Christian, fierce defender of the rights of heretics, sat firm upon the bench and fought off a berserk attack upon the integrity of our judicial system. Now, finally, the attackers seem a little ashamed, as they wipe their eyes and feel the passing of the fever in whose grip they did so much that was ignoble. Luther Youngdahl has won his fight: and so have we, and liberty.

Washington BRIAN GILBERT

Still Losing Ground?

THE CONGRESS has provided its own answer to revelations of Russian gains in air strength. Not only did the Congress vote more funds for national defense than the President had originally requested, but it also prodded the Administration into raising its immediate targets for long-range bombers, jet fighters and air force research. The initiative in all these actions was taken by a group of Democratic Senators, led by Stuart Symington (D, Mo.), former Secretary of the Air Force.

The Defense Appropriations Bill as passed contained an extra $356 million for production of the B-52 bomber, backbone of our policy to retailate with nuclear weapons, and an extra $60 million for Air Force research.

Even more important was the rethinking of Air Force plans for fighter production, for as Senator Symington remarked, "You have to stop those Russian bombers with fighters, not bombers." During Senate debate Symington announced he would file an amendment requesting an additional $200 million for fighter production. But Secretary of the Air Force Harold Talbot immediately sent a hand-delivered letter to the Senate, announcing new plans for fighter output which required no increase in funds.

"In the case of two of our supersonic fighter aircrafts," Talbot wrote, "we have, by continuous pressure, achieved more rapid development than was anticipated at the time the budget was prepared. We therefore find that these aircraft are now ready to be placed in quantity production, and we have so recommended to the Secretary of Defense."

"All, or a substantial part, of the funds necessary to accelerate the fighter program can be achieved by appropriate adjustments in other areas," he added.

Since the President is under no obligation to spend the extra funds voted by the Congress, the future will tell whether the Administration is willing and able to step up air strength to the targets adopted. Senator Symington told the *New Republic* after passage of the appropriation, "I fear we are still losing ground."

Opportunity for Agreement Among the Big Four

A WORLD searching for hope sees its leaders about to assemble at the summit in the manner of Tenzing and Hillary, planting proud flags upon the peak of Everest. In fact, Eisenhower, Eden, Bulganin and Faure are more likely to resemble suspicious shoppers at an Eastern bazaar.

A hundred carpets or more will be laid out at Geneva for inspection by the four customers. They have been woven by craftsmen of the four nations and of Germany, and through all of them runs the German thread of black, red and gold. But none will be bought by the four cautious men who look at them. Each may set aside a few that catch his fancy. Each will smile at the price tags attached and say no more, leaving subordinates to haggle over terms during months to come.

Nor is the haggling likely to lead to quick sales. The Eisenhower Administration has not yet had time to prepare its new views on disarmament and, in general, is inclined to wait until the Russians come around to our well-established patterns of action in the West. The Soviet Government, in turn, has made it clear that when bargains are to be made on Germany, they will be made with the Germans themselves. Already German and Soviet officials are meeting quietly in Paris. In these meetings the new relationship of Germany and the Soviet Union is forming, and until it takes shape progress on larger issues is likely to be slow.

If this is true, then early agreement on matters of substance is unlikely either at the summit or at the further conferences which it will initiate. And yet the pressure for substantive agreement among the great powers will be applied from the world's farthest corners. If the four governments understand this and are wise, they will recognize that there is at least one source of tension which can be confronted in July, considered in detail in August and September and disposed of by December to all the world's delight. It concerns the admission of new members to the UN.

Every national spokesman at the United Nations' Anniversary celebration paid tribute to the indispensable role of the world organization in preserving peace. And almost every spokesman warned that the UN is fast ceasing to be a world organization today. "The United Nations," Harry Truman told the San Francisco assembly, "cannot be held forever in the iron mold imposed by the great war of 1940-45." He added: "One of the best evidences of a real relaxation of international tensions would be the speedy removal of the obstacles to the admission of these nations justly entitled to be members."

Mr. Truman's point was sound but not original. Two-thirds of the 73 addresses delivered at San Francisco were variations on the same theme.

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It has also been a theme of Mr. Dulles. "A growing weakness of the UN," he wrote in his book *War or Peace,* "is its lack of universality." He added:

> At the [1945] San Francisco Conference the countries represented had virtually all the effective power in the world. Therefore an organization in which they were members should fairly be called a "world" organization, and it fairly mirrored the reality of power in the world.
>
> Since San Francisco that situation has greatly changed!

The change, Mr. Dulles argues, reflects the rising power of three groups of nations excluded from the UN.

There are the ex-enemy countries: Italy, Austria, Bulgaria, Rumania, Finland, Hungary, Germany and Japan. There are the new nations: Indonesia, Libya, Jordan, Ceylon, Korea, Nepal, Viet-Nam and now Laos and Cambodia. And there are the wartime neutrals: Eire, Spain and Portugal. While all these nations are excluded, Mr. Dulles believes, the United Nations "cannot reflect reality."

A country must be "peace loving" to join the United Nations; it must accept in good faith the obligations of the Charter and be able to fulfill them. To gain admission it must win the affirmative votes of at least 7 of the 11 members of the Security Council, and two-thirds of the Assembly. Even then its application may be vetoed by a permanent member of the Security Council—or so the Soviet interprets its veto power.

The issue first arose in 1947. Then, and from then on, 14 nations sponsored by the Allies gained the necessary votes in the Security Council and the Assembly but were barred from the UN by the Soviet veto. In turn, the Soviet Government sponsored five new applicants Hungary, Rumania, Albania, Bulgaria and "Outer Mongolia." The United States foreswore its use of the veto to bar these nations. But it led a successful opposition to them on the grounds that they had committed indirect aggression or had flouted those provisions of the Charter honoring human rights.

On many occasions since 1947 Soviet spokesmen have hinted at a bargain. *Never mind who qualifies,* they have argued; *we'll trade—nine of your side for five of ours.* This bargain might seem to accord with the attitude of Mr. Dulles who wrote of the UN in 1950: ". . . we ought to be willing that all nations should be members without attempting to appraise closely those which are 'good' and those which are 'bad'." As responsible officials, however, our spokesmen, Democrat and Republican, have scorned any deals. They have insisted that the limitation of membership to nations that are qualified is a basic principle that we cannot compromise. When pressed to explain what makes Poland and Czechoslovakia more "peace loving" than Hungary and Rumania, they have said that one distinction between Communist states that are in the UN and those that are out is that the Soviet veto prevents those that are in from being thrown out. Whatever private convictions they may hold, Secretary Dulles and Ambassador Lodge as late as May, 1955, stood fast on the established position. They found it outrageous, they said, that the Russians would not accept our candidates and unthinkable that we might accept theirs.

No leading American has challenged this position while the Cold War continues. But overseas support for our position has steadily worn away. Mounting pressure, particularly from the smaller nations, led the UN Assembly in 1953 to create a Committee of Good Offices to try to break the deadlock on admissions. Last November the Assembly, "noting the growing general feeling in favor of universality of the UN," patted its Good Offices Committee on the back and told it to keep trying.

The Committee obeyed. Its Chairman is Dr. Victor Belaunde of Peru, and one evening, in the course of the June celebrations, Dr. Belaunde and Mr. Molotov met privately in San Francisco. After the pleasantries, Dr. Belaunde reported, Mr. Molotov offered two packages to the West. The first package contained six ex-enemy nations: Austria, Italy, Finland, Bulgaria, Hungary and Rumania, whose claims to membership, said Mr. Molotov, could be grounded in completed peace treaties. The second included 16 non-member nations, whose applications could be supported on "political grounds."

In the first of these packages the new item is Austria, whose application for UN membership the Soviet Union is pledged by the Austrian peace treaty to support. The second package has been enlarged by Mr. Molotov to include Laos and Cambodia, two nations declared ready for UN membership by the Bandung Conference in its final communique.

Those are significant additions to the Soviet list. What nations remain? Among those still excluded from consideration, Spain has not pressed her claims to membership. The divided nations — Germany, Korea and Viet-Nam—are clearly in a category apart. The dispute over China concerns not admission but the representation of competing regimes. Only Japan remains. The Bandung Conference, so warmly endorsed by Mr. Molotov, demanded UN membership for Japan. On this demand alone Mr. Molotov is silent, and for an obvious reason. Russia is now negotiating a peace treaty with Japan, and painful territorial issues are involved. The Kremlin is holding out on UN membership for Japan while it seeks concessions in the treaty negotiations. Japan's claims are thus postponed. But the allies in turn believe that they will forfeit their bargaining power once the Soviet satellites are admitted to the UN. Therefore, they concede, they cannot settle the claims of the non-members while leaving out Japan.

Mr. Molotov's small package is heavily weighted on the Soviet side. Nation by nation the large package would be acceptable if the will to agree prevails at the summit and leads to an early conclusion of the current negotiations between the Soviet Union and Japan. In this event, the only obstacle to action will be the package itself, the embarrassment, that is, to the United States of climbing down from the perch from which we denounced all deals.

Firm as it was eight years ago, that perch is by now a little shaky in the judgment of the free nations. They will strongly press the claims of all non-members when the UN reconvenes in late September. We may still frustrate their desires by strenuous lobbying but only at a substantial loss of good will. If, as the result of an understanding reached this summer, a list of applicants is sanctioned by the great powers, it will be endorsed by a large majority in the UN and welcomed as a modest but fruitful expression of today's high hopes.

MICHAEL STRAIGHT

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LAST WEEK, theologian Reinhold Niebuhr advised liberals to recognize the realities of power and shed their illusions about the perfectibility of man. In the following essay, Donald Meyer of Harvard University examines, from another point of view, the nature of power and in particular the current popularity of "positive thinking." Dr. Meyer suggests that awareness of our limitations does not supply self-confidence to those who feel insecure in this "status-and-money world."

The Confidence Man

by Donald Meyer

"THE GREATEST discovery of my generation is that human beings can alter their lives by altering their attitudes of mind." This is not Norman Vincent Peale in his own voice, but William James, called up to speak by Peale. I stand, says Peale, with James and with Emerson and Thoreau, all of whom knew that the self is its own project for itself. I offer you daily rules, Peale says, for your creation of yourself—like Franklin (13 rules) and Jefferson (10 rules). One might think it of some interest that Franklin's rules were rules Franklin gave himself; Jefferson's likewise. Nor did Emerson and Thoreau offer their experience as manuals of exact guidance for others. Insofar as they offered "guidance," they meant it radically: you are yourself.

But in any case, Peale claims quite simply to be in the mainstream of the American tradition of self-improvement, and who will deny it? Emerson and Thoreau aside, in lectures IV and V of *The Varieties of Religious Experience* James, a generous soul, tells the intellectuals they cannot afford to snub or satirize the mind-cure cult of the day. It works.

Peale tells you how to get the Higher Power to work for you. The Protestant in America has usually been in search of an ideal self, he has always stressed positive thoughts, and he has talked perpetually of power. Each new stage of things is a new assertion of it. In Peale, the word clangs from first to last, like brass, maddeningly. Wonderful are its fruits. "It is a power that can blast out all defeat and lift a person above all difficult situations." *Every* obstacle will yield, under *all* circumstances and in *any* conditions. Yield, White Whale. Come, all knowledge and all beauty and all virtue. With the Higher Power within you, your world will be as you wish it.

In more classic literature, this sort of pretension to mastery has often been thought to indicate an alliance with a Lower rather than a Higher Power. Right now, Broadway audiences are watching one of the more transcendental self-alterations of the season in the successful musical *Damn Yankees,* wherein it is related that, in order to become his true self and lead the Senators to victory over the Yankees, it is the Devil himself upon whom Joe Boyd has to call. "Heart," confidence, positive thinking are not enough.

But it is clear that Faustian itches do not work in Peale's readers: they do not want to beat the Yankees. Nor do they want to drive life into its corner, or achieve serenity in the Oversoul. At the heart of things, behind all Peale's talk of energy and vitality and confidence and power, the question curls: power and confidence for what?

Peale's readers are offered power for meeting the trials of a world which is already there, already shaped, not to be changed, already accepted by them as the fit and proper scene for their proof of themselves. This is very much the world of business, specifically, of small business, of sales and advertising, and of the lower executive bureaucracy. Here dwell Peale's typical patients: the would-be independent enterpriser, trying to live on his own guts and inspiration, still full of *laissez-faire* expectation but caught and exposed in the controlled markets of the modern economic system; the sales manager, endlessly responsible for new and newer gimmicks, drained endlessly by the demand put upon him that he not *be* himself but *sell* himself; the helplessly mobile junior executive gnawed upon by his dreams of status, roots withering by his changes in residence.

Some of these people—and their wives—suffer from status panic. But still more seem to suffer, more seriously, from status apathy. It is not so much that they have failed the trials, as that they do not seem to enjoy the fruits they have earned. Since they accept the managed world of business implicitly, however, as a realm of salvation, their apathy does not mean liberation to a possible new self and salvation independent of the system, but instead guilt and those feelings of inferiority to which Peale addresses himself. Plainly, many of them would enjoy being freed from the course of judgment under which they stand, but Peale, like a front-line psychiatrist, applies quick therapy and sends them back into battle. And battle it is; Peale, in sublime betrayal of the aggression within his philosophy of peace, talks of "shooting" prayers at people.

Certainly this is to violate the classic form of mind-cure, justification by faith. In its classic form, as James describes it, "it is but giving your little private convulsive self a rest, and finding that a greater Self is there." But there is nothing in this of Peale. He assumes that you want the greater Self already defined by the system and, the perfectly frank practitioner, scorning the classic answer of dissolving convulsion and frustration by dissolving the wish frustrated, explains that the Higher Power of positive thinking will mean for you

An article by Mr. Meyer on the Rev. Billy Graham will appear in the New Republic *soon.*

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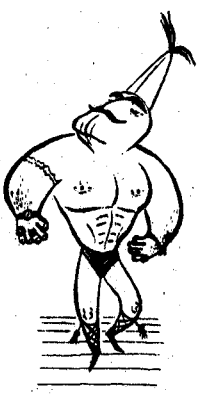
something perfectly definite and predictable, which it ought to mean: higher status and more money. He does not, as James observed of Luther and Wesley, tell you that you *are* saved *now* if you would believe you are saved. He tells you that you *will be* saved, since your belief will mean status and money. Recently presiding over the dinner for presentation of the annual Horatio Alger awards, Peale could hardly be more specific.

But it is not really so important whether a frustrated Horatio Alger still lurks in the breasts of the substantial number of Americans who find Peale good, as whether these are not people for whom status-and-money success is proving more and more sterile. Some oblique light is cast on the matter by another of the striking undertones in Peale's tracts. The modern business world means the world of consumption, and the world of consumption is the world of the city. Peale's readers could be described as those who, in the city, are not yet of it, have not yet, so deep is the past, found there a home. What Americans indeed have yet found their home there? Not those of the middle-class, evangelical Anglo-Saxon Protestant stock in whose essentially spiritualistic idiom Peale speaks. No American writer of the breed has yet spoken of it as home—except when it is Paris, or, now, Rome; none are soon likely to. Peale himself recommends the countryside, the lake shore, the stillness of the hills. In Manhattan, he is the small-town Midwesterner romantic over Nature. Never does the adept of positive thinking—to note only innocent things—wander through a museum, queue at a concert hall, talk about a movie, stroll a street, meet with friends in the city. Never, that is, does he seek personal resources in culture. The city for him is noise and the status panic.

On this front, unlike the other, Peale recommends escape—the 10-minute prayer, the 10-minute nap, the 10-mile drive into the country. The result is further to enforce one of the central qualities of the life of his readers—its abstraction, its devastating isolation. They must live in the city, but there is nothing there with which they can mix and join themselves. The victory in the victorious living of which Peale forever speaks—again in battle terms—remains what it has so often been in the tradition of self-salvation, a state of negative being, a victory over something, and not the creation and elaboration of a definite cultural life. Now, instead of victory over the frontier, over alcohol, over sex, over competitors, over the city, it is victory over the new inner temptations of apathy, self-doubt and secret secession from the trials of the status system.

THIS is one of the ironies of the times. As Keynes and a dozen others have observed, the growth of industrial society has entailed a spiritual revolution in Protestant countries, as the focus of economic attention moves from the ascetic enterpriser to the willing consumer. Peale's readers show that this profound shift in signals from the old logic of judgment, whereby discipline meant salvation, still means serious inner disruption. Here are people who are willing to consume. They are in fact the best consumers and the best supporters of mass culture, because as they consume they are not satisfying private and independent appetities for comfort or for the expansion of a definite way of life. They are buying symbols, and nothing is easier to change and differentiate than the symbolic commodity. Everything becomes obsolescent—your clothes, your car, your furniture, your books, your conversation, and, of course, if you fail to symbolize yourself, you yourself. Consequently, despite willingness to consume, consumption nourisheth not. For the man of self-help, the symbolic coherence of this world of consumption never has been satisfactory, and its coherence has been decreasing.

Partly, this is due to the nature of symbolic commodities in any democratic industrial society: they are minute, fleeting and irrational variations upon a standard product, and the self which identifies with them begins to feel restricted to a narrow margin itself, and to feel itself fleeting, founded on irrationality and therefore precarious. But this affects everyone, and the incoherence is sensed more acutely by the basic Protestant community in particular. It has built the system, and it believes the system should prove what it was originally supposed to prove. Yet, all too conspicuously, consumption in widening circles of American society cannot be taken to testify to inner character; too often it testifies quite frankly to corruption. The Cadillac, for instance, has taken on ambiguity as a symbolic commodity, despite all efforts of its ad-men. The symbolic system has become infested by luck, by gambling, by impersonal power shifts and power groups, and by bureaucratization. Increasingly, it becomes its own justification, it creates and dominates the self, and the believer in the Higher Power feels confusion.



"I recreated myself"

Peale wants to go back and re-impose the logic of discipline-as-salvation within the system, ignoring the problem of the fruits altogether. He tries to restore inner-direction to a people lapsing into aimlessness. It is with a peculiar worried intensity that Peale from time to time points out to his readers that, of course, if you are going to be what you wish to be, you must have a wish; you cannot picturize yourself succeeding if you have no picture of success. "Spiritual and emotional planlessness is a definite reason for the failure of many people. . . ." "Your expectation must have a clearly defined objective. Lots of people . . . have no clear-cut, precisely defined purpose."

This answer will increase the suffocation and abstrac-

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tion Peale's readers feel. Things are not as they were in Horatio Alger's day. Success by the judgment of modern bureaucratic business obviously demands less and less of a true original self, demands more and more a self that is disciplined to obey signals which have nothing to do with a true and original and independent self. Partly "other-direction," partly "outer-direction," these demands become frank, intimidating and suffocating as formalized, for instance, in the by now standard manuals for scientific personality measurement, personality training and personnel selection. The system is made God, once again, only now a more jealous, rigid, exacting God, judging and electing, and Peale's therapy works simply to take some of the intimidation out of the logic by getting people to incorporate it within themselves. This is not a very pleasant solution; Peale's world is not in fact a very pleasant one; it is grim and merciless. But although his answer will not mean greater selves, yet, if the disease under treatment is apathy, it is better than nothing.

There is every prospect that Peale represents a formula set for indefinite extension in our society. His claim that do-it-yourself, psycho-religious, self-manipulation is now an "exact science" is one of the necessary absurdities of his role. But psychiatry, psychology, psychotherapy are destined for indefinite further popular use as sciences—and not merely as pseudo-sciences—available for more and more "practical application" everywhere, for the "adjustment" of life. The perfection of psychological self-manipulation rather than the physical control of nature and society has always nerved a major party of American idealism, and it is probably more important to recognize Peale as in the mainstream than immediately to criticize him from the perspective of some timeless realism. It is true, as James said, in a text which—like a thousand Bible texts—Peale blandly ignores, that "we are all . . . helpless failures in the last resort." But for any culturally compelling embodiment of, say, the pertinent Christian realism of Reinhold Niebuhr, preachments against confidence are hardly to the point. The kind of penitent failure required for the Niebuhrian illumination requires the pretentious aspiration which fails. The first-generation Niebuhrians were men of political pretensions, Socialists, many of them, and their humility roots in their experience of aspiration. But to take from classic Christian realism the attitude simply of the intellectual observer, able often with stunning acuteness to identify and reject forms of false freedom, of false confidence, of other-direction and of regressive orthodoxy clustering around him, is not enough. In itself this is a fit and fine calling—the prophet as purifier. The purifier's role is complete, however, and means freedom from the self, only once it can assume or create something to be purified, true projects of the self.

But what sort of pretensions and projects are available? Not politics. Certainly, Peale's readers are not going to listen to politics; they never were political utopians or social idealists in the first place, and there is no reason to complain that they should have been, or ought to be now. There is no politics to offer against what afflicts them anyway. Yet, politics is not the only and necessary alternative. Bureaucratization, mass consumption and a general automation of society are inducing apathy. But bureaucratization and mass consumption can also make it possible to withdraw the self from judgment by the system. The demands of the system can be met with less energy and less attention. The system can be neutralized, deprived of its sanction as a realm of salvation, demoted and segregated within the self as a purely functional sphere, confined against interfering with the self in its attention to a thousand-and-one positive thoughts it could otherwise have.

At some point, Peale's critics—especially his religious critics—will have to compete with him in trying to restore a sense of goals. They are not confronted with people seeking that supreme solace required for the ultimate failures we "all" experience "in the last resort." These are people who know nothing of the last resort, since they have no projects in which to mix themselves and exhaust themselves in saving failure. Their apathy is their unspoken cry for such opportunities. This is especially so for the women whom Peale reaches; men will be prodded back to the trials of the system as always, no doubt; but the problem for their wives is more considerable. It is mere timeless, not timely, wisdom just to repeat over and over that life is tragedy as well as victory, that God is not ours to appropriate for our uses and profits, that Power is not the marrow of salvation. At some point, confidence and positive thoughts will have to be preached against Peale. Perhaps the Niebuhrians and the liberals today are too full of guilt over their own past sins of utopian political pretensions to preach them. But Peale's readers are not suffering from that. There will be plenty of time to worry about stirring up the Devil, about unleashing Ahabs, about chastening Prometheus. It is often said, after all, that the sorry thing about Melville's Confidence Man was the paltriness of the confidence he preached. He did not really try to fool you into thinking you could do much, or be much, or live much. He did not make you aware of greater heights any more than of greater abysses. Just possibly, that, and not his confidence, was his diabolic quality. Hell is the soul unexpended. Peale, preaching a confidence afraid to cut loose from the judgments of the status-and-money world, afraid to cut loose from a world where you are forever "guided" by rules, by roles, by rote, by science, will never incite his followers to the intensity and risks some of them at least might easily desire. But he will not lose his followers except to those who point first to intensity and risk, which must precede the discovery of limitation.

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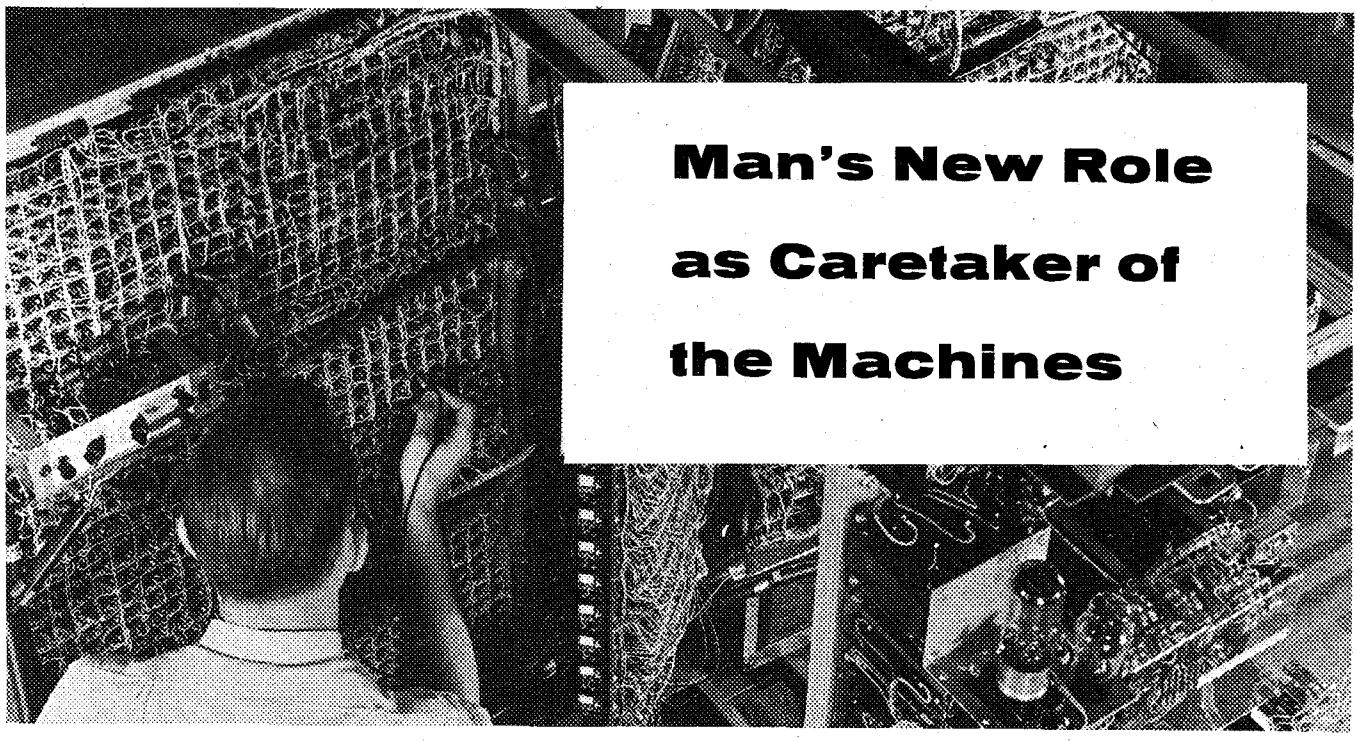

Man's New Role as Caretaker of the Machines

"Pushers of Buttons and Pullers of Levers"

by Warner Bloomberg Jr.

"STASH" is a broad-shouldered, blunt-faced Balkan type who has worked in the steel mills ever since he came to this country as a young man. For much of his life he held down physically rugged jobs, including a long hitch on the old tinning stacks. Now that he's pushing through his middle fifties, he's glad that he switched to the new electrolytic line the company installed just after World War II. His work as a "shearman" is troublesome in many ways, but it's pretty easy, with time for sociability and time just to sit down and rest a little during a shift.

The "continuous electrolytic tinning line," as one knowledgeable motor inspector put it, is "a sort of idiot-level automation." It would be more accurate to call it a "Neanderthal model" since it is the kind of machinery which, although electronically controlled, was developed before the application of modern computers to the problems of ongoing industrial production.

This huge complex of interrelated machines lined up end to end for half a city block takes a coil of sheet steel weighing five or six tons, unrolls it, cleans it, tinplates it, cuts proper-size pieces, rejects bad ones, and stacks the good "plate" on skids at the other end where tractors take them away to another part of the department to be wrapped for shipping. It does this work at 600 to 800 feet of sheet steel per minute, requiring one-fifth the men and eliminating all of the physical labor and several discrete production stages of the old "hot dip" techniques.

"Stash" and the three other men who run the line, along with the woman inspector, do what a large computer could accomplish with but a portion of its total resources—keep the mechanical parts of the line and the control system itself adjusted finely enough to permit such complicated, high-speed processes to go on uninterrupted. They are pullers of levers and pushers of buttons.

"Stash" doesn't really understand his job. All his factory life he learned to work "on the material" and to do it basically by himself. For years he stood at one end of the old hot-dip stack and shoved the steel plate, one sheet at a time, into the little system of rollers and belts which carried it into the tank of molten tin and out again. He could comprehend what the machine did.

Now he's part of a team of men who work in cooperation with the vast electronic control system which secretly and silently goes about its mysterious activity in the basement beneath the floor where he stands. Before, he was primarily concerned with what his machine did to the material; now, he must try to concentrate on how well his part of the line is getting along with the other parts. While the men signal to each other with lights and bells and the operator at the main control panel near the center of the line receives reports via a variety of meters on how the whole complex is functioning, the steel flashes by at fantastic speed, "untouched by human hands."

"Stash" knows that he'll never be an operator. Per-

Warner Bloomberg Jr. teaches at the University of Chicago and lives in Gary, Ind., where he worked in the mills for many years.

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haps he could hold down that job even without learning to read the schematics of the control system, although an increasing working knowledge of electronics will become a prerequisite for the position as the older high-seniority men leave the mill. But it requires a way of thinking which the shearman could never master. Sometimes it irritates him a little to have a young electrician, "a kid still wet behind the ears, never held down a *real* job," try to explain to him how he ought to be doing his share of the team's activity.

Yet this long-time steelworker is not much worried about the new technology. "Stash's" union, the United Steelworkers of America, has treated technological change largely as a matter to be handled at the local level through contract and grievance procedures so that seniority rights would be preserved and the men's "take-home" would reflect their increased productivity. Partly because of the long period of high employment in the industry, partly because of the Steelworker's general philosophy (now expressed by President David J. MacDonald as a "co-trusteeship of the industry" by union and management), the millhands of the steelmaking plants have tended to "roll with the punch." And they have been hit as hard or harder over the past two decades by innovations in the form of more automatic machinery than the Autoworkers who have done so much recently to publicize "automation."

Besides, the men prize the new work-life in the factory to which the changing technology has made a real contribution—the decline of truly hard jobs, the increasing time for rest, for occasional conversations with fellow workers, for a smoke or a cup of coffee. They may impress the new generation of workers coming into the plants with their stories of how they survived the long, hard, heavy work back in the "good old days," but they have no desire to return to the time when productivity resulted from keeping the men rather than the machines running at top speed.

Nor can they overcome their own fascination with machinery and their traditional commitment to their work. The numberless stories, new and old, about resistance by workers to technical innovation almost always leave off the last chapter: once the rebellion against or resistance to the new machinery has been broken or worn away, the men inevitably have taken the new equipment and made it perform even better than those who designed and installed it had anticipated.

These workers view the much-heralded automation with less of that usually stoic, but sometimes violent, pessimism that has characterized their outlook in times past. They hope that the union may be able to do for them at the bargaining table what they have never been able to do for themselves within the mill: make sure that they do not have to pay for technological progress through loss of jobs or through obsolescence of skills developed by long years of labor without a sustained and well-paid opportunity to learn new techniques.

"Stash" has paid a little more attention to "automation" in recent months, since the company installed a computer to calculate for the thousands of employees time worked, bonus and overtime, and even to write the biweekly paychecks—taking over the work of a large part of a sizable clerical department. Some of his white-collar friends have already advised the younger men in the department to start looking about for other jobs. And the grapevine has it that the next electrolytic line which the company intends to install will be computer controlled, and will not only plate and process the steel but will also wrap it up for shipping. There will be no shearman on the new line.

"Stash" and most of the other men in the plant will not come across refined analyses of the long-run consequences of automation on the over-all economy. Even if they did, few of them are well enough informed to understand why the nation can probably absorb rather easily an average job displacement of one-half of one percent of the work force each year for a decade, but would be in real trouble if the displacement ran as high as one-and-a-half percent. Yet the men who work in the offices and on the production floors know all too well one fact which long-range analyses sometimes overlook: for each human being who loses a job or has his worklife fundamentally altered by the new technology, the impact of automation is 100 percent.

"Nobody Wants To Sound Defeatist—Publicly"

by Gabriel Kolko

THE Dow Chemical Company opened a vast new magnesium mill at Madison, Illinois, in May last year. Capable of producing more sheet and plate than our total previous national capacity, the Madison mill uses only 35 men in its rolling-mill operation, and only 400 production workers in all to turn out 66 million pounds of magnesium products a year.

In Bridgeport, Connecticut, the Columbia Record Company now has 250 men on one floor producing records with hot, noisy hydraulic presses; downstairs, four men turn out eight times as many records on relatively noiseless machines.

Exciting? Surely. But what do these examples of what was once called "technical improvement" and is now called "automation" — automatic control — really mean in terms of jobs, earning power, the production and consumption of the nation as a whole?

Roughly, this "second industrial revolution" radically minimizes the importance of manual labor in production

Gabriel Kolko has been engaged in a study of automation and its implications for the past several years.

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and communication. To this extent, automation is the logical outcome of the growth of machine industry. Automation, however, not only replaces human beings as doers, but as makers of decisions as well. Electronic computers and mechanical devices make it practical to talk today in terms of "automatic factories." Beyond that, it is now possible and, above all, economical, for electronic computers, controlled by punched cards or tapes, to duplicate the functions of many office workers.

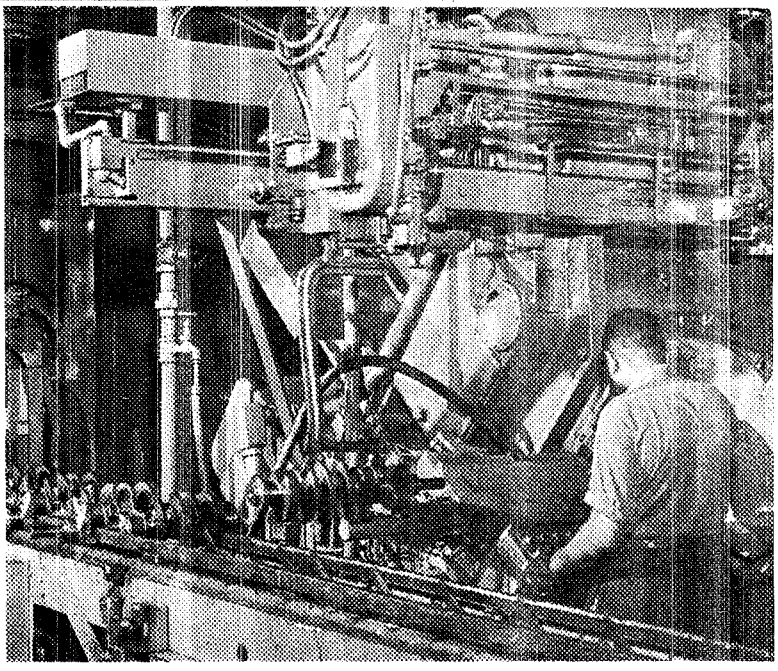
The future of automation lies to a great extent in the electronic computer. The only relation a human being has to a computer is to build it and to feed it cards or tape on which are punched the basic problem and the theoretical steps for solving it. Central to the electronic computer's value is repetition and consistency; and these aspects of office and factory routines are what make them economically subject to a computer's "mental" control.

A second distinguishing feature of the computer is high-speed solution of problems. Quite obviously, any machine that can do 2,000 multiplications and divisions or 16,000 additions or subtractions in a second has no parallel in the world of mere mortals. Properly adjusted, a computer can link factory and office so that production-data placed in the computer can schedule and synchronize production in both.

Six short years ago there were only a half dozen or so really advanced experimental computer models. In 1953 and 1954, the International Business Machines Corporation alone built 18 "701" type machines: 25 times more powerful in speed and capacity than their best predecessor. They rent for about $12,000 a month and are used primarily in defense work. This year, however, IBM will be delivering for commercial use a computer renting at about $25,000 a month. Orders for it have broken all previous records for major electronic equipment.

By World War I outlines of the modern American economy were coming clear: rapidly expanding industrial giants, well capitalized and well able to install the new innovations created for them by a growing army of technicians and engineers. If a company was to compete effectively, it had to adopt advanced technological means of producing goods and cutting costs. Technological innovations swept through the economy, increasing production per man-hour, efficiency and continually perfecting mechanisms. Two world wars accelerated the trend.

Until 1919 industry had absorbed labor faster than it had displaced it. But the decade following 1919 saw, for the first time in American history, a net decrease in the number employed in manufacturing despite a huge expansion in actual production. Because of the depression, it was not until 1939 that our nation's output actually passed its 1929 level. Yet the number of unemployed already was eight million greater. Only about five million of this number represented new additions to the work force; at least three million had been displaced by "technological efficiency," and productivity was at a much lower rate during the depression. Similarly, though the index of industrial production for November, 1954, was the same as for November, 1953, a million and a half more workers were unemployed. At least half of these were displaced by technological progress.



Automation removes an automobile crankshaft from a machine tool in Ford Motor Company plant.

At the end of World War II, labor for the first time was solidly organized on a permanent basis, with great membership and financial resources. And it was becoming increasingly aggressive in demanding more return for its labor, while business became more cost conscious. If, through modernization, General Electric could reduce wages from 47 percent of sales in 1947 to 36 percent in 1952, why could not other cost-conscious business do the same? In 1952 the average machinery investment for an office worker was $1,000; for a production worker, $9,000. The average machinery investment for a production worker at Dow's new Madison mill, organized around automatic control devices, is $100,000, allowing a proportional decrease in the labor force.

As the trend toward industrial efficiency accelerated, however, the office worker emerged as a major drain on business profits. In 1920 there were 11 clerical workers for every 100 production workers; by 1950 the number had increased to 25. From 1910 to 1950 the number of "clerks and kindred workers" had doubled to 20 percent of the nation's work force. The end is nowhere in sight. Fortunately for the nation, this expansion helped absorb an accompanying decrease in the number of unskilled and semi-skilled farm workers.

But as the production worker's productivity increased, the white collar worker's lagged. Systematic standardization of office tasks was introduced, and the typical white collar worker found himself involved, for the most part, in essentially an assembly-line operation. As

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the increasing volume of paper work necessitated continuous hiring of more clerks, top management began to feel that while production workers were making profit, office workers were wasting it. There was not, they decided, very much going on in offices that could not be done more quickly and efficiently by machinery.

From management's point of view a worker is not a deductible item on a corporate tax return, but a machine is. Given existing tax laws, government policies favoring technological innovations, and the fact that much of America's machinery is in need of replacement anyway, it would be hard to imagine a more propitious situation for the widespread application of automation than exists today. Reflecting this, the percentage of total manufacturing capital expenditures going into modernization has increased from 51 percent in 1952 to 57 percent in 1953; it is expected to average at least 62 percent from 1954 through 1956.

In 1925, 44 percent of America's machine tools were 10 years or older, and over the subsequent decades the percentage has risen so that today it is estimated that 75 percent of the nation's machine tools are at least a decade old. The limit of obsolescence having in all probability been reached, and amortization laws being favorable to replacement, the trend toward automation will certainly be boosted.

LABOR costs still exist with automation, but they vary in proportion to the willingness of management to install fully automated processes. Further, since automatic factories cut down on plant space needed, industry is often able to make up the initial cost of added machinery in lower construction expenses. Lower labor requirements, higher efficiency and materials savings, and cheaper construction costs add up to an impressive combination that competition-conscious managers are not likely to ignore.

By 1960 it is estimated that the total expenditures for plant and equipment in the United States will be about 450 percent above the 1930 level, but that expenditures for industrial automatic-control and measurement instruments will increase about 1,700 percent. Until now, automation has existed only in the form of exceptional plants which are not in themselves a significant proportion of the economy. Now it seems certain, assuming no major war, that substantial automation in many manufacturing industries and in offices with large-scale clerical routines (and to a lesser degree in retailing) will be with us within 10 to 15 years at the most. What will be its social and economic impact?

At Ford's Cleveland engine plant 41 men do the work of 117 in two-thirds the time; the Raytheon Company produces printed radio and TV circuits with one-hundredth of its regular work force.

In the white collar field, General Electric has installed a computer at its new Louisville plant with which it expects to save $500,000 a year in clerical costs. Figuring a high $4,000 a year as the income of an average office worker, the computer will replace 125 people (it may require five people to run it for eight hours). A Westchester bank has cut its accounting staff by almost 75 percent with electronic devices, and typing machines for computers are now available to eliminate up to 300 typists.

SAVE for partial reservations on the part of the CIO, answers to the question, *will automation cause serious unemployment?* have been overwhelmingly in the negative. Nobody wants to sound defeatist, *publicly*. J. J. Jaeger, Pratt and Whitney executive, summarized dominant business and industrial feeling in a 1953 *Fortune*-sponsored symposium: "These things take care of themselves. . . . I don't think it is the part, nor can it be the part, of industry to try to plan the social aspects of this thing." The National Association of Manufacturers last January, in the pamphlet "Calling All Jobs," rhapsodized: "Let the worker face what is to come with hope in his heart, not with fear in his mind. Automation is a magical key to creation, not a blunt instrument of destruction, and the worker's talent and skill will continue to merit reward in the fairyland of the world to come."

The Dow Chemical Company's Madison mill illustrates the hypothetical possibilities of automation in creating unemployment. Costing $40 million, the plant needs a total production force of only 400, including maintenance and instrument men, to work around the clock and produce 66 million pounds of magnesium products a year. While not every plant can be automated to the same degree—some can use less labor and some more—the size of the total industrial labor force the US would need if all its industry averaged Dow's employment rate is highly suggestive (the Dow plant, incidentally, has not reached the full limits of automation).

From the end of World War II to the beginning of 1954 the manufacturing industries have spent about $75 billion on new plant and equipment, far more than the book value of all the plant and equipment existing till then. Assuming that it would cost $150 billion to replace all of the plant and equipment built until 1954, and that every $40 million of plant required only 400 production workers, a total of only 1.5 million workers —less than one-tenth of today's manufacturing force—less than 3 percent of our total labor force of 60 million could be used.

Today's manufacturing absorbs 25 percent of our 60 million work force. Triple the possible 3 percent to 9 and the percentage of potential unemployment—16—still is frightening. Yet, if we spend only $12 billion yearly on new manufacturing plant and equipment over the next 12 years—roughly our present rate of expenditure—we will have built the $150 billion of new plant. And since our spending on capital equipment now is

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heavily weighted toward modernization and not expansion, technological unemployment on a large scale seems imminent if we consider only the trends in manufacturing.

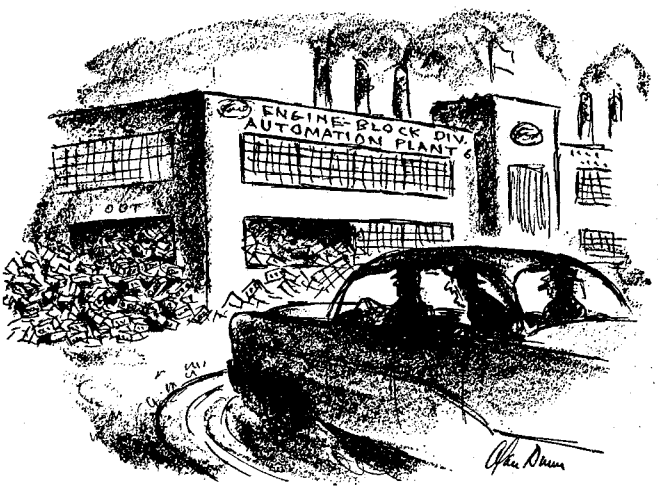
Automatic plants must reduce labor requirements or they save management nothing. And saving is the reason they are built in the first place. The only way new jobs can be created, then, is for consumption, not production alone, to increase as fast or faster than productivity.

For a long time now, manufacturing has not expanded employment or production fast enough to match increases in man-hour productivity, or even to maintain employment. Automation worsens this problem. If an automatic factory is built and replaces a work force of 1,000 with a work force of 200, not one new factory must be built to absorb those displaced, but, perhaps five, since each new factory may be equally automated and will hardly use antiquated means of production. Similarly, if we continue to add 700,000 new people to the nation's work force annually, we will need, as automation becomes the rule, five times as many new productive facilities as are now required to absorb them.

If we assume that new plants will be built to use only a fifth of the labor now used in conventional plants, it follows that by automating only five percent of our total industrial and business facilities annually for 20 years we would chop at least three million workers a year off the work force. The amount of capital necessary to absorb all these workers in new jobs would be at least four times greater than it is today, or more than $100 billion yearly. It is highly doubtful if money of this sort will be forthcoming.

To absorb labor displaced by the present high-productivity rate alone means that the economy must annually provide jobs for an additional 1.5 million or so, according to recent *Fortune* and CIO estimates. Add a minimum of 700,000 new workers entering the labor force each year, and the threat of very serious unemployment under automation becomes clear. Considering once more that the present trend is toward modernization and not expansion, the possibility of absorbing significant numbers of displaced workers in the near future seems rather dim. The crucial assumption in business circles is that jobs and consumption will rise faster than the displacement caused by increased productivity. This is certainly not the case today:

Recent displacements of labor by increased productivity have been cushioned by mounting defense expenditures. From 1950 to the end of 1953 the labor force grew by about three million persons. Beginning with the Korean War two million were taken into the military. Yet there was no shortage of labor to produce the increased volume of goods required for consumers and defense. So it seems fairly evident that those taken into the military would otherwise have been unemployed—



Saturday Review

"Good God, I forgot to turn the factory off over the week-end!"

the trend prior to Korea was toward unemployment. Now the size of the military has been stabilized, and 700,000 new persons are beginning once more to enter the civilian labor force annually. Unemployment figures have risen again.

By and large, productivity has been increasing faster than consumption over the past half century, and recurrent unemployment has been the net result.

The great transformation of the American social and occupational structure over the past 50 years has been a concomitant of the rise of a great "white collar" class. Automation not only makes obsolete more and more workers in overalls, whom the white collar class tended to absorb, but for the first time challenges the very growth of the white collar class itself. Occupational mobility also is threatened. If anything, automation shows positive signs of being able to reduce significantly the numbers employed in every major occupation save professional and social service.

Some unemployed will be absorbed by new enterprise opening up to service the era of automation. But the net effect of automation seems to be in the direction of positive unemployment, and of an unemployment which strikes without distinction at the foundations of the basic mass occupational groups of today. Since the cumulative impact of such employment will stretch further than the technologically unemployed, and will tend to cause a depressionary movement in the whole economy, whatever expansion might conceivably accompany automation will be swamped by the magnitude of the currents in the direction of depression and unemployment.

Exactly how large the number of unemployed will be is an idle speculation. But, from automation's present characteristics, we know that the unemployment it causes will be, given our present frame of economic thought, very large, permanent and absolutely unprecedented in the magnitude of its effects.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

A Good-Intentioned Private Citizen

by Reed Harris

IT WAS a rough, tough and bitter half year that Dr. Robert L. Johnson, president of Temple University, and his associate Martin Merson spent in Washington.

They had both been very active in the Eisenhower campaign. They had worked hard for the Citizens Committee for the Hoover Report. Both had heeded the call to public service in the International Information Administration, Department of State, with expectations of joining in a great team play to carry forward a good-government crusade.

The Private Diary of a Public Servant, by Martin Merson (Macmillan; $3).

What they experienced was a five-and-a-half-month education in McCarthy guttersnipe politics and in the spectacle of highly placed Administration figures too afraid to stand up for decency and fundamental American ideals of fair play.

The willingness of key persons in the Eisenhower Administration to sacrifice so much to political expediency disturbed them. The gradual discovery that campaign propaganda and McCarthy shouting about "reds" in the IIA were flatly untrue surprised them. Political use of "security" charges in the State Department worried them. They suffered from a combination of heartbreak and disgust.

Martin Merson tells the devastating story through excerpts from his diary, augmented by comments based on later observations.

Even with the seven day weeks and twelve to sixteen hour days that he put in, Merson found that Johnson and he could devote little time to the main job of running a vitally necessary international information and educational exchange program. Instead, they spent most of the time fighting off attempts to kill the IIA entirely, throw out all its key people, cripple the book program, scrap the results of years of dedicated work by able information men and women.

They found team play where they hadn't expected it—from their much maligned subordinates, the career people of IIA. From the "new team" above them they got strange double talk and no support.

Secretary Dulles gave Congress the impression that he was quite ready to write off IIA entirely. Republican Congressmen Taber and Clevenger advised Johnson to liquidate the program. Even the man who had been the Johnson and Merson idol, Herbert Hoover, strongly rejected a plea for support, denouncing the agency and expressing hope that it would be closed up.

Before coming to Washington, Dr. Johnson had spoken in semi-friendly vein about McCarthy, perhaps believing some of the Senator's screaming. After arrival, Johnson and Merson had sought without success to meet with McCarthy and reach some understanding. But as they gradually discovered from direct and painful experience what excesses the Senator could commit, they lost interest in trying to do any business with him.

Before the IIA experience ended, Dr. Johnson was seriously ill, and Commander Merson tired and worn. Yet, to their great credit, in their last days on the job they fired some sharp attacks at the McCarthy-Cohn-Schine axis and cleared the air considerably. They also sent off to the President a report warmly praising the courage and ability of IIA career people.

It is abundantly clear that Martin Merson is a man of honor, with high ideals of public service, his views strongly affected by his Virginia upbringing in the Jeffersonian Democratic tradition, his Annapolis and Harvard Law School education, and his religious training. He feels that he was involved, however unintentionally, in some disgraceful and hysterical episodes in recent history, and he is attempting to counteract the effects of what he feels he has done by publishing this remarkably frank account.

"If this book helps to clarify some of the events in the hysterical days of 1953 when one minor Senator and a few fanatical aides intimidated even the President of the United States," he says in his introduction, "then it will have served its purpose. And I shall be glad I wrote it."

I think Martin Merson is entitled to feel that sense of gladness. He has performed a public service in writing this book, for his trustworthy reporting will cast new light on the degree to which hysteria had penetrated the Administration in 1953, and the evil which resulted. People who have been inclined to scoff at the comments of former "hold over" employees will have a hard time avoiding the implications of this book written by an Eisenhower supporter.

I CAN vouch for the truth of many Merson statements, for I was literally only a few feet away from Johnson and Merson during much of their first six weeks of service.

The new Administrator and his assistant, with advisor Tracy Voorhees, had arrived at IIA headquarters in Washington the morning of March 3, 1953, just forty minutes before I, their inherited deputy, was to go up on the Hill for the first of three days of inquisition during which McCarthy, Cohn & Co. attempted to cut me into small bits and fry the pieces. Nevertheless, I was expected to greet the incoming Administrator, and I did.

In the few minutes I spent with the three men that first day, I gained the impression that Voorhees, long experienced, knew the Washington score, including the truth about McCarthy. Johnson and Merson, though polite, gave me the feeling that while they were sorry the Senator was stirring up trouble, they had a lot of reservations about the kind of people and kind of program which made up IIA, and might therefore be inclined to believe some of the McCarthy stories.

In their first days, the new Administrator and his assistant hardly knew

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whom to trust, where to turn for reliable advice or for effective action. They had obviously been filled with highly inaccurate stories about the people with whom they would be working, the efficiency of operations, and the general competence of all hands. As one of my colleagues said at the time: "Holy Smoke, these fellows *believe* the campaign propaganda."

Fortunately, neither Johnson nor Merson had a closed mind, and as the days wore on it became clear to them that they had been at least partly misled, and that career people in the IIA could give them useful ideas and efficient action. With that realization, their task became a bit easier, and if they had had backing from the White House and the Secretary of State, and less interference from the Senator from Wisconsin and his staff, it is probable that they could have moved forward with a revitalized program, with reasonable peace of mind. They never reached that happy position, however, and had to fight unreasonably hard.

The fight most fully detailed in the book is that over the "book burnings"—the incredible series of McCarthy-fear-inspired directives that nearly wrecked the overseas libraries and gave the Soviet propaganda mill so much easy ammunition. That story has been told before, but without such facts as that Mr. Dulles himself personally approved the two worst directives, and that a committee of public spirited publishers (including George Brett, head of the Macmillan Company which has published this book) devoted long hours to developing a comprehensive, workable new policy, and to working out strategy and tactics for fighting the battle inside government against the forces of hysteria and know-nothingism.

Although the volume looks nothing like a standard political science case book, students and practicing administrators can get some highly interesting new ideas about problems in public administration by reading the text. Here is recorded in unhappy nakedness the turmoil that sometimes besets democratic government in a time of crisis and change.

The Violence of Dylan Thomas

by Hans Meyerhoff

I SAW and heard Dylan Thomas only once. *De mortuis . . .* Perhaps it is unbecoming to remember him as I do; but this memory is deeply engraved as his mark of greatness for me; and it is by this mark that I shall always remember this man and poet whom I did not know.

It was a public reading of poetry at a university. At three o'clock—who reads poetry at three o'clock in the afternoon?—the large lecture hall was half-filled with students, visitors, and a sprinkling of the faculty. The introduction was stiff, formal, academic, and distant. Then the poet stepped forward to the lectern. Only it wasn't the poet. It wasn't the lean, sensitive face with the Grecian curls and the dreamy, far-away look in his eyes familiar from the youthful portrait of Dylan Thomas by Augustus John which had become a trademark for every edition of the poet's works. (It is, fortunately, replaced by a more recent photograph on the cover of the present volume.) Instead, the man behind the lectern was quite pudgy and stocky, with a fleshy face, a fiery, almost angry, eye, a thrust of the jaw, unruly hair, a wrinkled suit and a loose collar and tie.

Adventures in the Skin Trade, by Dylan Thomas (New Directions; $3.50).

There was time to absorb the initial shock; for he had trouble finding his bearings behind the lectern. He appeared unsteady, nervous and ill at ease. The notes from which he was going to read were written on loose sheets which looked like scraps of paper. As he was shuffling them rapidly, perhaps to put them into some kind of order, they fluttered to the floor. He stooped down, scrambled after them and scooped them up in awkward gestures—all the while cursing in *sotto voce* obscenities. Then he poured himself a glass of water; only he didn't. He held the water pitcher with an outstretched arm and aimed at the glass below; but he missed; and a steady stream of water ran from the pitcher onto the floor. There was no doubt now that he was unsteady. Nobody laughed. There was a deep silence in the room.

Then he began to read, without a word of greeting, from his notes. He read hurriedly and half-audibly as if embarrassed; but what he had written, as an introduction and commentary to his readings, was excellent: quick, sharp pen sketches of the poets—he seemed to like Hardy best—catching them in a live portrait on a bicycle ride or in a family group around the table, and subtle, sensitive insights laying bare the heart of the poem with an empathetic eye and ear and an attitude loving, hesitating, and reticent as if these confessions were not meant, as they were not, for a public reading before a college audience. Let's get this over with as quickly as possible, because I am suffering—he seemed to say and said it in almost these words. And then the initial shock gave way to a wave of deep sympathy among his listeners; for he obviously *was* suffering. This was some kind of an indignity; and he responded to it with ill-concealed disdain and suppressed anger.

Let's get this over quickly so that I can read a poem. For when he reached for the books on his side he was a being transformed. There was nothing unsteady about his hand and voice. He rose from a withdrawn crouch into a posture of majestic freedom and self-sufficient isolation. He was alone with the poem. And reading it redeemed the indignity and cleansed the sense of shame. He read as if it were an act of worship.

His voice still lives in the grooves of the black celluloid cylinders—for all to hear who did not hear him when he was alive, for all to share this magic incantation of the sacred rites of poetry. It was the lilt and resonance of his Welsh singing voice, they say, perhaps. . . . It was also a ritualistic invocation in praise of the power and glory of words, rhythms, and images as the sacramental instruments for transmuting the infinite variety, sensuous depth, and ephemeral transitoriness of experience into permanent symbols.

"These poems, with all their crudities, doubts and confusions, are written for the love of man and in praise of God, and I'd be a damn' fool if they weren't," he said in a daring confession in the preface to his *Collected Poems*. There is

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no doubt about their love of man. However private a "record of my individual struggle from darkness towards some measure of light" they celebrate the love of living and the hate of dying for all men, they pray to the potencies of rebirth and resurrection in nature and human love and inveigh against the grief and sorrow of actual existence. Man's spiritual metamorphosis centers around the symbolic act of the "Holy Spring" and runs through a succession of poetic symbols touching—and perhaps limited—in their simplicity: spring and the seasons, the sun and the moon, Fern Hill and the Jarvis Hill of Wales, the sea and the sap rising from the "cauldron roots" of ancient trees, lovers and madmen, children and death. It is a simple act of affirmation of living and loving, a simple wreath laid on the altar of natural piety—though the images and words out of which it is woven are often obscure, exotic, dithyrambic, and profoundly introspective. "And death shall have no dominion" whether the death of Anne Jones, the father, a centenarian or a small child in a fire raid—a simple message in a grave, majestic, biblical phrase, but not religious in the Christian sense.

For the God he praised is a pagan deity. Pagan is the "raging moon," pagan is the worship of the trees, the night, the sun, and the sea; pagan are the visions of rebirth from fire and the burning stars; pagan are the images drawn from the deep well of the unconscious self and mingled with Welsh myth, folklore, and ancient rites; pagan is the animistic infusion of nature with these private visions; pagan is the celebration of this world and its joys and sorrows, and the refusal to be comforted by the blessings of another; pagan is the absence of symbols of guilt and sin to account for human failure and suffering; and pagan is the transubstantiation of religious symbols into the natural order of things. For when Thomas celebrates "the marriage of a virgin" the religious significance of the poem is retranslated into a pagan marriage song: "For a man sleeps where fire leapt down and she learns through his arm/ That other sun, the jealous coursing of the unrivalled blood." And when he approached the heart of the Christian mystery itself, was it not to render its meaning in the spirit of Dionysus?

> This flesh you break, this blood you let
> Make desolation in the vein,
> Were oat and grape
> Born of the sensual root and sap;
> My wine you drink, my bread you snap.

It is true Dylan Thomas stood apart, twenty years ago, from the social revolutionary poetry of the then young English poets like Auden, Spender, MacNeice and Day Lewis. It is true that, from the beginning, he—unlike them—was not a formalist, but an imagist, a herald of a dark, Dionysian world of unconscious stirrings and transmutations; but, perhaps, it is also true to say, I think, that he remained apart to the bitter end of his brief days. He was a proud, wild, angry pagan celebrating the goodness of nature, living in an age and a poetic tradition which has increasingly returned to a "religious" outlook—so often but a sad reflection of the despair of life and love.

Pagan, and deeply poetic too, is the prose collected in the present volume, which contains a long fragment of an unfinished novel, *Adventures in the Skin Trade*, and twenty short stories, most of them not previously available in book form. The stories are a prose record of the poet's struggle from darkness towards some measure of light. And it is overwhelmingly how dark, somber, yes, macabre the moods and fantasies are which are conjured up in these prose images. Thomas was full of humor. His laughter surging from the depth of the human wilderness often breaks through in other prose works, especially in the autobiographical *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog*. And there is humor, ribald laughter, and picaresque satire in the unfinished *Adventures* of the present volume, a fanciful continuation of the earlier *Portrait*.

But the twenty short stories forming the bulk of this prose work are not relieved by much humor and light. Instead the atmosphere is dark and nightmarish, almost as in Poe and Kafka. The stories are peopled with witches, madmen, and murderers. There is murder in "The True Story" and in two other stories named after pieces of clothing, "The Dress" and "The Vest." The stories are consumed by conflagration: "The Orchards" are on fire; and "The Burning Baby," offspring of incest between father and daughter, is set on fire by the Reverend Rhys Rhys who believes his child is an incarnation of the savior: "The world is ripe for the second coming of man," he says preaching in Church. "Burn, child, poor flesh, mean flesh, flesh, flesh, sick, sorry flesh, flesh of the foul womb burn back to dust," the father prays madly while placing the dead child on the burning funeral pyre on top of the mountain. It is a pagan world of Phoenix rising from fire, or, in "The Tree," of the crucifixion of an idiot by a child upon the Jarvis Hills, "their trees drawing up the moon out of the grass," or, in "The Mouse and The Woman," of a "madman howling like a dog" at the birds in the eaves of the lunatic asylum "who whistled the coming in of spring."

It is a mad, sad world of the inner wilderness of man—saddest perhaps and most poignantly relieved by an infinite compassion and love in some of the shortest stories of a few pages, written in the simplest language. "Hold my hand," says the dying man to his wife in "The Visitor" when death approaches. "And then: Why are you putting the sheet over my face?" "She did not hear him, but stood over his bed and fixed him with an unbreakable sorrow." Or, in the moving story called "After the Fair," which brings together a woman, lost, penniless, and wanted by the police, and the circus Fat Man, "I am *the* Fat Man, there is nobody to touch me for fatness," with whom she seeks shelter and who goes out to fetch a foundling baby deposited in the Astrologer's tent, a strange holy family on their flight to Egypt. When the child begins to cry inconsolably, the Fat Man and the woman go out into the night to crank up the engine of the merry-go-round on the deserted fair grounds:

> As the roundabout started . . . the child at the girl's breast stopped crying, clutched its hands together and crowed with joy. The night wind tore through its hair, the music jangled in its ears. . . . And so the men from the caravans found them, the Fat Man and the girl in black with a baby in her arms, racing round and round on their mechanical steeds to the ever-increasing magic of the organ.

It is a sad world; and the struggle

Next Week

***NR's* summer series of re-assessments will continue with T. R. Fyvel's revaluation of *Arrowsmith*, by Sinclair Lewis.**

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for some measure of light—must have been intense and painful despite the supreme achievement of art.

He died. And the beginnings of a new world for the poet, a path leading from these private confessions of his poetry and prose towards a more public form of expression which began with the radio script, *Under Milk Wood,* a poetic radio drama in the manner of Wilder's *Our Town*, and the screenplay called *The Doctor and the Devils* constructed on the old moral theme that the "end justifies the means"—even murder; therefore, "let no scruples stand in the way of the progress of medical science" —these new beginnings were cut off by death in 1953, at the threshold.

On Extended Active Duty

by Curtis Bradford

MANY, perhaps most war novels fail because sooner or later they affront the reader-veteran's sense of reality; he begins to talk back; it wasn't like that. The usual reason for this back-talk is, I think, that most writers split war's tragedy from war's comedy. Either they heap horror on horror, eventually overwhelming the reader with mere turgidity—even a book so fine in parts as *The Naked and the Dead* seemed ultimately to do that, or they reduce the whole thing to a gagging minstrel line with a comic noncom as end man. It is a special merit of Mr. Evelyn Waugh's war novels, of *Men at Arms* and now of *Officers and Gentlemen,* that they avoid this split; in them war's tragedy is wholly informed by and involved in war's ineffable comedy. Both books are remarkable pieces of realism; they arouse the memory. As the reader closes *Men at Arms* he says, "yes, improbably, impossibly the 'sitzkrieg,' the 'phony war' was like that"; as he closes *Officers and Gentlemen* he is aware of having lived again through the emotional roller coaster ride of 1940-1941, a world tragedy unrelieved by catharsis.

Officers and Gentlemen, by Evelyn Waugh (Little, Brown; $3.75).

Officers and Gentlemen completes the story of Guy Crouchback begun in *Men at Arms*. It is not merely a sequel; the two books are a single unit. Mr. Waugh repeats none of his exposition, so the reader of *Officers and Gentlemen* must first review the earlier part of the story. Guy Crouchback, in his middle thirties, a member of a distinguished English Catholic family, is a typical inhabitant of the Waste Land. All his ventures have failed—marriage, colonial farming, expatriate life in Italy, religion. He sees in the Nazi-Soviet pact of 1939 the preparations for Armageddon, with Anti-Christ for once aligned against the feeble and divided forces of good. By chance he gets into an ancient regiment as an officer-volunteer. The farce of the civilian being turned into a soldier is told again for the thousandth time with full attention to its burlesque possibilities, but in contrast to this burlesque is another story that has seldom been told. Guy Crouchback finds the military ritual curiously sustaining, more sustaining even than the round of his religious duties, practiced for so long without enthusiasm. The first novel tells of Guy's involvement with a fire-eating professional, Brigadier Ritchie-Hook, and with one Apthorpe, a volunteer of his own age. Ritchie-Hook and Crouchback between them destroy Apthorpe, the one by exploding under him the chemical latrine that he, fearing clap, has introduced into a training camp for his private use, the other by giving him a bottle of whiskey which he consumes entire while sick with tropical fever.

The neo-classic tone of much of the second novel, *Officers and Gentlemen,* is established at the outset by the ceremonies Guy goes through to placate the shade of Apthorpe. He accomplishes Apthorpe's informal testamentary wish that a ton or so of miscellaneous tropical gear be collected and turned over to one "Chatty" Corner. Guy gets this done quite by accident, trains hilariously at the island of Mugg off the Scottish coast, goes to Egypt with a commando group whose special operations are canceled one after another until the group goes rotten, is thrown with them into the final week of the debacle at Crete, escapes in an open boat only to be packed off to England so that his evidence will not be available for the investigation of an officer who has disobeyed orders. He is at the end of the book utterly deflated, not only by the failure of his personal adventures, but by the emergence (after the German in-

The Shampoo

THE still explosions on the rocks,
the lichens, grow
by spreading, gray, concentric shocks.
They have arranged
to meet the rings around the moon, although
within our memories they have not changed.

And since the heavens will attend
as long on us,
you've been, dear friend,
precipitate and pragmatical;
and look what happens. For Time is
nothing if not amenable.

The shooting stars in your black hair
in bright formation
are flocking where,
so straight, so soon?
—Come, let me wash it in this big tin basin,
battered and shiny like the moon.

ELIZABETH BISHOP

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vasion) of the USSR as Britain's comrade-in-arms. He is to an extent sustained by the complementary rituals of his religion and his regiment. Most of the characters in *Men at Arms* are carried forward into *Officers and Gentlemen,* though Brigadier Ritchie-Hook is, mercifully, kept off stage much of the time.

This simple story is set forth with a technical brilliance few living writers could match. It begins with a series of burlesque episodes done with Mr. Waugh's customary bravura; he intertwines with this burlesque long passages of nearly unaccented realism, which not only set off the burlesque but serve also as a kind of middle ground between it and the long account of the tragedy in Crete which follows. This account is surely one of the finest pieces of sustained tragic narrative to be found in recent fiction. Ghostly classic associations with Crete haunt it and give it universal implications. Guy is a modern Theseus, lost without an Ariadne's thread in the new labyrinth of war-torn Crete, threatened by forces more destructive than Minotaur and Talus. His Daedalean wings of escape are a wretched, bug-infested, open fishing boat. Fatigue, hunger, thirst change the physical world into a phantasmagoria that has its counterpart in the mind and soul. Guy's last illusions about himself and his fellows disappear when priests turn out to be spies; when Major Hound—"Fido"—an embodiment or function of military routine, collapses with the collapse of that routine; when his Athenian Prince, Ivor Claire, rats. The experience of war transvalues all values. Though Waugh's intention is clear enough—the rapid shifts of tone remind one of Elizabethan tragedy—I am not sure he altogether succeeds with it. Like many other recent writers, he no doubt finds the heroic mood difficult to sustain in an unheroic age, so chose this way out of a possible embarrassment.

His Catholic apologetics are so quiet, so undemanding that the non-Catholic reader is quite willing to accept them. Catholicism is a traditional and humane way of life. Belief in its authority, practice of its rituals, will save a man from the collapse that usually follows deflation. The spiritual and moral vacuum is filled, so to speak, by the practice of traditional modes of thought and feeling. There is much in *Officers and Gentlemen* that on the surface is unfamiliar to the American reader. But though the initials of command and operations are strange and the details of military routine different, those who have served in the various American military forces will close the book reminded again that the more it changes the more it's the same. Compared with the fare that has been served up as serious prose fiction in recent years, this is a very good novel indeed.

The Civil War in the West

by Webster Schott

WRITING about the apparently indefatigible interest in the Civil War in the United States, Bruce Catton once said that the contemporary appeal of the war was the way it made us turn our backs on our own confusion and look admiringly at several million people who were able to feel so strongly about something—the idea of the Confederacy, presumably — that they were willing to shoot the works for this emotion.

Civil War on the Western Border, 1854-1865, by Jay Monaghan (Little, Brown; $6).

Checked against the content of the trash fiction and motion pictures about the Civil War, the histrionics of the kids in Confederate and Union caps shooting 'em up in the back yards, and the myth-making point of view of much of the non-fiction of all varieties written about the Civil War, Mr. Catton's generalization seems more than partially valid, although it is something of an over-simplification, too.

We have tended to idealize the Civil War in one way and another to fit an emotional need of our own. And in creating this distorted image of why and how the men in Gray and Blue fought, one of the preludes and theaters of the war fairly crying for scholarship has gone ignored because it is almost impossible to fit these events into the idealized scheme of things about the Civil War. Jay Monaghan, one of the more literate analysts working in this area, has at last made an effort to set things straight with his new book. If he doesn't exactly plumb the murderous Kansas-Missouri prelude to war of its psychological and social significance, he does cover the affair and the ensuing military engagements of the declared war with such persistence and documentation that it becomes a week-by-week journal of what actually happened, and what a painful blow it is to romanticism.

The Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854, which opened the Kansas territory for settlement and abrogated the Missouri Compromise excluding slavery in most of the Louisiana Territory, was one of the catastrophes in American history. For the race was on in squatter sovereignty, and the Civil War had begun although it might not have been declared. The abolitionist New England Emigrant Aid Society with its Bibles and Sharps rifles moved wagon loads of settlers into the territory. The pro-slave Missouri ruffians crossed over from Westport and Kansas City landing to straighten them out, with lead, of course. Three governors were removed by the weak-livered Pierce and Buchanan to satisfy the Southern Democrats when the governors tangled with the phony governments the Missourians set up before moving back home. But Bleeding Kansas continued to bleed, thanks to an assortment of demagogues and madmen like John Brown, James Lane, and David Atchison. Lawrence was sacked. John Brown's gang murdered five men in one night, mutilating several of the bodies, along Pottawatomie Creek. Yet slavery was actually a side issue. The chief issues were vanity and democracy. The emigrant Kansans demanded a representative government. Atchison's Missourians were trying to save Kansas for the Democrats and the South (which was badly in need of another seat in the Senate) until the Southern states could send up their own colonists. But the blood of the Kansas massacres flowed across the country. It brought Abraham Lincoln out of his

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Illinois law office to debate with Stephen A. Douglas. It was one of the issues that made the Republican party. Kansas was a lever that moved in all directions.

When the official Civil War began the Missourians and Kansans were already veterans. But again the noble motives and heroic deeds we like to associate with the Civil War were lacking. It was more a war of organized retribution than a series of military campaigns with rational military objectives. The Germans of St. Louis, seething under the second-class citizenship imposed on them by the native born, found opportunity in the Union army for vengeance on the Missouri Confederates. Quantrill's raiders went bushwhacking for booty under the Confederate flag. Freelancers joined armies for the more attractive lootings and burnings, and then drifted away. Captured soldiers were shot down. Enterprising Jim Lane needed spirit in his campaign for the Kansas Senate seat and dreamed up the battle of Westport.

Not one distinguished general was made by the war in the West. Nathaniel Lyon, an unpopular Union lieutenant who became a general during the St. Louis emergency, was a potentially brilliant tactician at Wilson's Creek, but he was killed there. Sterling Price and Jo Shelby both displayed more imagination and understanding of woods and prairie fighting than Union generals, but still couldn't get more than a third of their men into combat during the decisive battle of the war in the west, Westport.

Springfield changed hands several times. Thousands of men were killed at Wilson's Creek, Pea Ridge, Lexington, Prairie Grove, Westport, Carthage, and the dozen or more other battles. But when all was done, the single important military objective and key to the fighting in the West, St. Louis, was never in real danger. What the fighting in the West proved was nothing of military consequence, only that generals who wanted to be in the East were ineffective leaders and that soldiers who passionately hated their enemies could revert to animalism.

But now that the whole sordid ten years of it have been given the thorough documented analysis they deserve, based on letters, eye-witness accounts and memoirs, if we want to we can see how out of focus the idealized image of the Civil War can be.

The fighting in the West was the most useless and cruel of the whole affair. And it could have been avoided if men of vision had been in Washington looking toward Kansas in the late 1850's. Some may be disillusioned by this book, but they will be wiser for it. Jay Monaghan ought to get a medal for his work.

A Man Behind a Mask

by Robert Hartle

ONE of the most solid reputations was founded on a slim volume of poems first published in an edition of one hundred copies in Paris in 1908 and not republished until 1913. Furthermore, the real author's name did not even appear anywhere on the first edition. The poems purported to be the work of an American multimillionaire named Archibaldo Olson Barnabooth, and the book contained the biography of Barnabooth by someone with the equally improbable name of X. M. Tournier de Zamble. According to this biography Barnabooth was born in South America on disputed territory, a naturalized US citizen, orphaned early in life, schooled in the best universities in Europe, and had spent the remainder of his twenty-four years travelling about on his yacht, sensitive, cynical, melancholy and rootless. His poems looked back to Whitman and Rimbaud and occasionally ahead for a brief moment to Dadaism and Surrealism.

Poems of a Multimillionaire, by Valery Larbaud, translated and with an introduction by William Jay Smith (Grove; $3).

The creation of this rootless Spanish-American millionaire cosmopolite who wrote his poetry in French came quite naturally to the French man of letters and traveler, Valery Larbaud, a gentleman of leisure—though no multimillionaire—who lived in Spain for years, keeping a diary in near flawless English (as he kept it in French while in England), writing an occasional article directly in Spanish for a Spanish or South American newspaper, while he completed the translation of four volumes of Samuel Butler into French. For many years he worked at a doctoral dissertation on Walter Savage Landor, and was responsible, through his translations and essays and also through his influence in the inner circle of the *Nouvelle Revue Francaise,* for the introduction into France rather early of many of the greatest of foreign writers. His taste was quick and accurate, immediately sensing the importance of such diverse figures as Gertrude Stein, Faulkner, Guiraldes, Gabriel Miro and, in his own country, Claudel, Gide, Valéry and Fargue. His study of *Ulysses* was the first to be published.

Along with his cosmopolitan culture Larbaud shared another trait in common with his hero—that of feeling like a man without a country. In 1918 while in Spain he noted in his diary—in English, of course, "Yesterday, at night, under a pelting rain, I walked through Plaza Hernan Cortés and memories of these last years crowded upon me at once. Still, I keep thinking and thinking about England. I know very well that, once there, I shall sometimes think of Spain with something of the same longing which I feel now toward England. . . . My thoughts always avoid France, and even Paris . . . and go directly to the white cliffs over there." A year later in Paris he wrote—again in English: "As I walked along the boulevards this afternoon, I felt suddenly a great and violent longing toward London . . . and, as I cannot dream of going back there, I wished I were already in Spain."

Larbaud seemed to have a mania for protecting himself with all sorts of complex mirrors and screens. One of his poems begins, appropriately enough, "Always when I write I wear a mask," but it goes on to hope that a reader will come and kiss the mask, thus pushing it tighter against his face. Hearing this, however, Larbaud would call us sharply to order, reminding us that this is his creation Barnabooth speaking — each poem is merely part of the characteri-

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zation. Larbaud even went so far as to say that he wouldn't sign his own name to three poems in the whole collection.

Barnabooth as he reveals himself in his *Journal intime* emerged as the tragic victim of his own wealth. Nowhere else has the exquisite paradox of the sensitive young man whose wealth cuts him off from all genuine human relations been handled with such fine irony and tenderness. Too highly cultured to be interested in the world of business—and why should he increase his fortune?—he is rebuffed as a snob propounding paradoxes when he tries to discuss his ideas with anyone. Looking out of his train at small villages he can wish nostalgically that he had spent his whole life immured in one of them, but he knows that he cannot now reverse the course of his life.

To fit the poems to his new Barnabooth, Larbaud re-worked them carefully, shortened many and flatly suppressed fifteen of them. The present edition, translated by William Jay Smith, gives the poems as they were published in 1913 without the *Journal intime* or a short ironic moral fable which completed Barnabooth's works. Mr. Smith's translation performs the remarkable feat of following the original quite closely—keeping as well as possible the delicate shifts in tone which repay careful attention with secret delight—and of still sounding like English.

The Threat to Free Expression

by Bruce Bliven

WILLIAM L. CHENERY is a solid citizen. For fifty years he has been an editor of important newspapers and magazines, the last twenty-five as editor or publisher of *Collier's Weekly*. While he has always been a liberal, no one so far as I am aware has ever accused him of radicalism. It seems to me important news, therefore, that he is deeply exercised over the threat to freedom of speech in this country, and has taken time out from his retirement in sunny California to write a book about it.

Freedom of the Press, by William L. Chenery (Harcourt, Brace; $3.75).

"It begins to appear," says Chenery, "that freedom, basic American freedom, freedom to believe what you please, freedom to say what you please, freedom to print what you please, is going to be the next great issue." Liking the Communists no more than anyone else does, Chenery still believes that the efforts at repression now going on in the United States are doing great harm to ourselves, and little if any harm to the radicals at whom they are aimed. "As an American, born and nurtured in one of the long settled portions of the United States," he says, "I think . . . if we did not have liberty we would have to agree to contrive it, whatever the difficulties."

The current anxiety lest people be ruined by reading subversive literature seems to him unwarranted. "I have yet to meet any human being who thought that he or she was unfit to know anything or to decide anything that concerned him. I have known many who thought that they alone were of sound enough character and resourceful enough mind to know everything and to decide all for themselves and for all concerned. So we shall have to determine whether the majority of us think that all of us are fit to be free."

What Chenery is saying is that either you have liberty or you don't. If you have it, people must be free to think and to say whatever they please although "freedom of thought and speech and belief does not pardon conspiracy or make legal any act that would otherwise be illegal." Anything less than full freedom of utterance is essentially tyranny. With a sober countenance, Chenery inquires whether the Founding Fathers were wrong, after all, in thinking that freedom is desirable.

> . . . Has anything happened in the last century and a half to lead reasonable and responsible people to think that maybe the revolutionary idea of liberty for the individual was after all a mistake? Has the privilege been so abused by Americans that after one hundred and fifty years we should formally and lawfully renounce it? Has our history shown that liberty is so infertile a principle that with it we are unable to compete in the world struggle with peoples of other governments?

In normal times, this author's argument would seem so obvious as not to require repetition; it is a symbol of the abnormality of our days that it should be notable when anyone dares stand up and criticize what is happening in America. The Alien Act (of 1798), says Chenery, was "much like the present McCarran-Walter law—although less severe." For the first time since then, "a Congress has made a serious effort to abridge the liberties of the people" by holding up to scorn "Americans who base their behavior on the Bill of Rights" and by moving toward forcing witnesses to testify against themselves.

In addition to his eloquent warning against what is happening today, Chenery takes a long look at the history of the struggle for freedom, going back as far as Milton. He discusses the famous case of John Peter Zenger, Jefferson's ideas, the sorry experience with the Alien and Sedition Laws, which destroyed the political party responsible for them, and comes down to the present times with the story of censorship in the fields of motion pictures and radio. I am not aware of any other book which covers three hundred years of the unending struggle for freedom any better than this one, and I know no author who has stood up more fearlessly for what is today the unpopular cause of historic American freedom.

Notes on Contributors

REED HARRIS was formerly Deputy Administrator of the State Department's International Information Administration. HANS MEYERHOFF is the author of *Time in Literature*. CURTIS BRADFORD, professor of English at Grinnell College, is at present in Ireland completing a study of W. B. Yeats. ELIZABETH BISHOP's new collection of poems will be published this month by Harcourt, Brace. WEBSTER SCHOTT is a freelance writer in Kansas City. ROBERT HARTLE is a young American poet and critic.

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NR drama critic ERIC BENTLEY'S translation of Arthur Schnitzler's *La Ronde* is enjoying a successful run at The Circle in the Square in New York.

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A COMMUNICATION

► Lattimore's Defenders

The Johns Hopkins University emerges from the Lattimore case heavily victimized financially, but with its honor unstained.

When Lattimore was indicted for perjury the university suspended him from active duty on its faculty; but it would not prejudge his case, so it suspended him with pay. It was assumed that the government would bring the man to trial promptly and he would be either convicted or acquitted. No one believed that the government would dodge and evade and stall for three long years, even after two courts had decided that it had no case.

But that is what it did, with the result that the university has lost the man's salary for three years. It is a rank injustice, but it is better than it would have been for Johns Hopkins to punish one of its own members on slander. The official conduct of the university was correct.

Its unofficial conduct was even better. The faculty had, of course, some yellow-livered members who were all for throwing Lattimore to the wolves. These asked themselves, why save an individual at the sacrifice of the university? But the majority, fortunately, consisted of brave men who asked themselves, why save the university at the expense of honor and decency? They could see no reason, and by their resolute courage they have saved both the university and its honor.

The leader on this side was George Boas, professor of philosophy. When Lattimore had spent everything he had and had gone heavily into debt to defend himself even before the indictment for perjury, he was told that it would cost probably $40,000 to fight his case through to the Supreme Court, even though his lawyers were working without a fee. He simply didn't have the money, and there was a moment when it seemed more than a possibility that he might go to prison for the crime of being a poor man.

Then his colleague, Dr. Boas, took action. He organized the Lattimore Defense Committee and swiftly raised $36,000, a respectable slice of it coming from members of the faculty, who are not rich men, but an astonishing proportion coming from people from all over the country who never saw Lattimore and probably never heard of him before the case came up. The average contribution was about $20.

Boas displayed something of the wisdom of the serpent in his procedure. He did not make it a faculty committee, which would have made the whole business a Johns Hopkins affair, and he did not ask any politician, nor any prominent banker or business man to associate himself with so unpopular an affair. He headed the committee himself and chose as his associates persons who could not be damaged by acting with him. He selected a liberal clergyman and a hack writer, perhaps on the theory that a man in holy orders could associate with the Devil without contamination, while a hack writer, being damned anyhow, could suffer no further injury. The names of contributors to the fund were not publicized, although the books were held open to inspection by any properly constituted authority.

Lattimore is financially ruined; the university has suffered the loss of his salary for three years; his lawyers have lost their time and their labor; George Boas has worked like a dog; and about 1,800 Americans have dropped $36,000. But it has beeen demonstrated that lying scoundrels cannot always slander an American citizen into prison, even when their charges are taken up by a United States Senator who is immune to prosecution.

It was an expensive demonstration. One shudders to think how many other men may be behind the bars right now, not for crime, but because they were not members of an honorable university and had no friends as bold and as skillful as Dr. Boas. Nevertheless, it was a demonstration that enables honest men to sleep more soundly at night; for it is better to walk with Owen Lattimore through the fires of Senatorial persecution than to suffer the sort of trial given Beria in Russia.

We have not yet come to that for three reasons: first, American courts are not yet prostituted to the exigencies of politics; second, the American bar is not yet prostituted to the philosophy of fees first and justice afterward, if at all; and third, American universities are not yet prostituted to Falstaff's theory that honor is a word, a mouthful of wind, as compared to comfort and safety. Perhaps the ordeal was worth while if it brings us to a true appreciation of such institutions as the Johns Hopkins University and its Professor Boas.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

Baltimore, Md.

BANDWAGON

THE RUSSIANS attempted in vain to prevent a speech by former President Harry S. Truman during the tenth United Nations birthday celebration, informed sources said today. . . .

The Russians were said to have remarked that Mr. Truman represented a policy they did not approve.—*New York Times*, June 2, 1955.

PROVOST Henning Larsen of the University of Illinois Thursday told the Champaign-Urbana Kiwanis Club members not to "get excited if you find some liberals" on the faculty. — *Champaign-Urbana Courier*, June 24, 1955.

SPECIAL—New books half price or less—From Copernicus to Einstein—$1.00; The Road to Abundance by Rosin and Eastman—$1.50; Apostles of Discord—$1.50; Ideologies and American Labor—$1.00; Killers of the Dream—$1.50; Generation of Vipers—$1.50; In Place of Fear by Aneurin Bevan—$1.50, all postpaid. Or send for sale catalog. University Book Service, 208 East Patterson, Columbus 2, Ohio.

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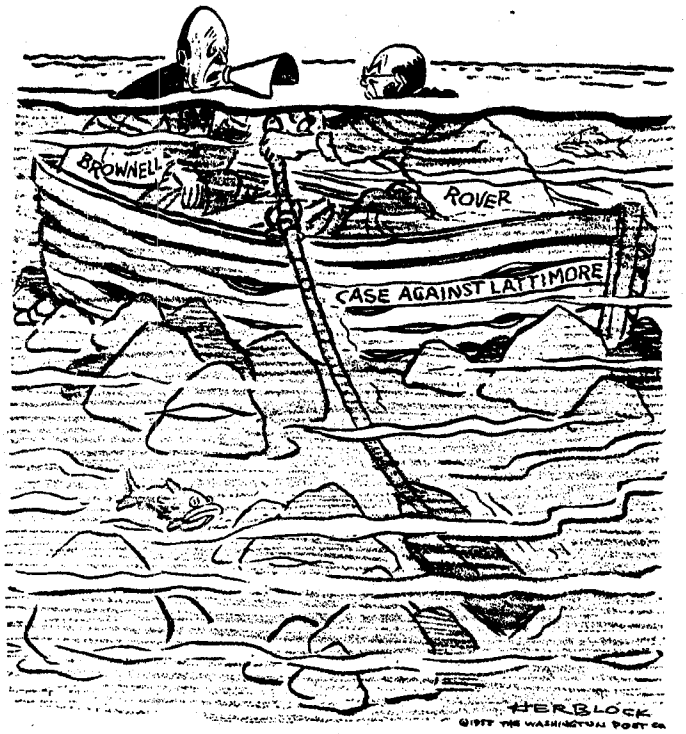
"All right, Leo—that's enough!"



. . . end of a story,

more than twice-told

in the columns of

the *New Republic*

DECEMBER 21, 1954

In a six-page article ["New Light on the Lattimore Case"], Brian Gilbert peels the politics off the attacks on Owen Lattimore.

FEBRUARY 14, 1955

Sol Stein, Executive Director of the Committee for Cultural Freedom, attacks Gilbert in a lengthy communication, suggesting that no one who has read the record can seriously question the legitimacy of the McCarran statement that Lattimore "was from some time in the 1930's a conscious articulate instrument of the Soviet conspiracy."

SAME ISSUE

Gilbert replies to Stein: "As one who would protest the lynching of any man, innocent or guilty, I concerned myself with the dangerous precedents and procedures adopted in this case."

FEBRUARY 28, 1955

Letters on the Lattimore controversy from David Riesman, Richard Rovere, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Herbert Muller; also a bristling communication from Norman Thomas in defense of Stein and the Committee for Cultural Freedom, stating that although he did not endorse the "propriety of the indictment of Mr. Lattimore for perjury," he did believe that the McCarran Committee proceeding in the case of Lattimore was "something of a model in Congressional investigation."

SAME ISSUE

Michael Straight answers Thomas: "During 12 consecutive days of testimony, the McCarran Committee attempted to involve Lattimore in perjury, first by entrapment, then by a sudden confrontation of evidence concerning trivial incidents that took place long ago. We share . . . the belief that free citizens have the moral obligation to combat as citizens opinions and actions which they hold to be wrong. We also share the moral revulsion of Americans against kicking a man when he is down."

JULY 11, 1955

Brian Gilbert comments on the decision of Attorney-General Herbert Brownell to drop the government's prosecution of Owen Lattimore.

One more example of how the New Republic throws new light on the news—before it is news.

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